THE NATION

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LETTERS

dismal prospect

New York City

DEAR SIRS: The other day at a family supper my little grandson, just turned 10, expressed great nervousness about the Vietnamese War. He said he knew he was going to be drafted and killed in that war. We tried to reassure him by saying that the Vietnamese conflict would surely be over long before he became of draft age.

I was appalled to realize that children as young as my grandson are fearful over the Johnson Administration's madcap military adventure in Vietnam. There must be millions of boys throughout the United States who are terribly worried about this interminable war.

Here, then, is another powerful reason for President Johnson to bring an end quickly to the agony that afflicts America as well as Vietnam. *Corliss Lamont*

so sorry

Pittsburgh, Pa.

DEAR SIRS: This correspondence is in reference to an article, "Battle of Chicago: A Study in Law and Order" by Joseph L. Sander [*The Nation*, May 20].

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May we extend our thanks for your cooperation in this matter.

John A. Campbell, President
General Ordnance Equipment Corporation
A member of the Smith & Wesson Law Enforcement Group

Trudeaumania

Minneapolis, Minn.

DEAR SIRS: Marq de Villiers [editorial, *The Nation*, July 22], appears to be suffering from the ailment that has plagued so many of my countrymen in recent months. It is called Trudeaumania, and its essence lies in the illusion, carefully nurtured by Mr. Trudeau himself, that his "swinging" style of campaigning heralds some wonderful new tidings for Canada's future.

He might recall, however, that the introduction of a new razzmatazz style of campaigning on the part of European Socialist parties, particularly in Britain and Germany, has coincided with the rise of distinctly conservative trends within them. The party leader, in other words, who has nothing very exciting to offer, not even himself, must offer instead a carefully created image of himself. This, I suggest, is what Trudeau has done, and the Canadian people fell for it, lock, stock and barrel.

Henry David Rempel

EDITORIALS

The Republican Gamble

In nominating Richard Nixon, the Republicans have made a calculated gamble. The delegates believed, correctly, that Nixon could unify the party more effectively than could Reagan or Rockefeller. They are well aware that the Republican Party is today a minority party and that Nixon is not the strongest nominee they could name in terms of winning Democratic and independent votes. But they assume—and this is the gamble—that disaffection with the Johnson-Humphrey Administration is so massive that they can win even with the old loser.

Some weeks back, Don M. Muchmore, one of the ablest of the pollsters, told *Nation* readers (July 22) that the outstanding feature of this year's election is to be found in "the presence of a radical epidemic negativism, virulent and extensive." The big party today is the Opposition Party. The "opposition" vote—that is, the combined vote of all those who for whatever reason want to see the Johnson-Humphrey Administration ousted—is clearly a larger constituency than either party can attract, assuming that Humphrey and Nixon are the nominees. As the Republicans see it, all that Nixon need do is shellac the Humphrey-Johnson Administration (and no one that can give him lessons on how to mount that attack) and be vague about his own programs and policies.

This is not a bad gamble. The Vice President cuts a slightly more ludicrous figure with each passing week. He had become "poor Hubert" even before the President withdrew; now he appears in an even more absurd posture because he simply cannot extricate himself from LBJ's cruel embrace. Nor can he hold together the disintegrating coalition on which the Democrats have relied in the past. And at the state and local levels the Democratic Party shows signs of great weakness, notably in such key states as California, Michigan and New York.

Furthermore, the Republicans have a neat hedge on their gamble. Should the election be thrown into the House, they hope to gain enough additional Republican seats so that they could win the Presidency, even though Nixon failed to garner the necessary votes in the Electoral College. This, too, is not a bad gamble. The Republicans picked up forty-seven seats the last time around and, given the tide of opposition, they might easily win thirty-one more in this election. Even before Miami, they had begun to pour money into the "promising" districts, particularly those in which the election of a Republican would tip the state's delegation in favor of the GOP. The Wallace movement will hurt the Republicans nationally, but Wallace followers are more likely to vote for Republican than for Democratic Congressional nominees.

Of course the Republican gamble rests on the assumption that the Democrats will nominate Humphrey. Senator McCarthy's nomination would upset the entire strategy. McCarthy is free of the Johnson tag; his strengths as a candidate are precisely those needed to accentuate Nixon's weaknesses. McCarthy has put together the elements of a new coalition. He arouses the kind of

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rank-and-file, or "amateur," enthusiasm that the Democrats must have to win. He is popular with independents. He runs strongly in suburban communities. He appeals to liberal-moderate Republicans. He makes a strong appeal to youth, to the new middle class, and to women. And he has been gaining strength with the minorities.

Nixon's triumph, as the entire press is saying in unison, constitutes a remarkable personal achievement. He is a shrewd political tactician and he planned this campaign, every phase of it, with care and precision. This time he was not disturbed by conflicting advice from "experts"; he was his own expert and he made no mistakes. It would be hazardous to assume that Nixon has "grown" or "changed." He is intelligent; he is enormously hard-working; ethically insensitive, he is not corrupt. He has thought about his problems—including even his "cosmetic" problems (deep tan is the answer to dark beard shadow)—and has sought to solve them. But for his big problem there is no remedy; he is the complete and total opportunist. As someone once said, he never abandons his principles because he hasn't any. In reviewing the Mazo-Hess book about Nixon, Milton Viorst wrote: "What emerges is not a man with feelings and beliefs but an actor upon the stage of history, for whom someone else might well have written most of the lines."

Not that he is incapable of writing the lines; he has written some of his own best lines. But even when he writes them they do not seem to be his, and in one sense they are not, because he instinctively regards "ideas" and "values" as fictions or guises which can be shifted, changed, shelved, donned, discarded, or distorted as circumstances may require.

The only consistent theme in Nixon's public life has been his "anti-communism." His first, quick reaction to any difficult situation, even now, is to counterattack by redbaiting. He is, as James Reston has written, "a man of the cold war and the 'Communist conspiracy.'" In this respect he has been consistent; in this respect he has not changed and will not change. Politicians who acknowledge past mistakes or who change their views in response to changed circumstances are to be commended; consistency in itself is no great thing. But one cannot take Nixon's new "peace" line seriously because one knows that with him any change in position is purely tactical. Not only would he turn hawkish in a second, if he thought it expedient, but one has an uneasy feeling that, on balance, he would rather be hawkish than dovish.

In this campaign he has been on good behavior, but even so there have been occasions when he resisted the old quick redbaiting riposte only by a measure of self-control that required, visibly, the most strenuous effort. For all his surface coolness, he is a man with an inordinate lust for power; what else could have prompted him to attempt a comeback after the humiliating defeats of 1960 and 1962? And there are, one feels, elements of instability in his make-up; after all, he has had one nervous breakdown in public—the disastrous press interview in California—and the memory of it cannot be erased.

A book dealer in Chicago, close to the Blackstone Rangers, recently told Thomas A. Johnson of *The New York Times*: "Black people know this convention [the

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Democratic] doesn't really mean anything to them. It's just Daley bringing his gangster buddies into town for a little funning—a big Appalachia, legal this time." One can hardly blame the Rangers for feeling that way about the Democrats. The other "mob" has just concluded another Appalachia in Miami, the well-to-do mob, largely white, largely Protestant, middle-class, comfortably insulated from all unpleasant realities, foreign and domestic. (See "Comfortable with Nixon" by Karl Purnell, p. 102, this issue.) Listening to the speeches, with one or two exceptions, one got the impression that we are as a people the finest, noblest, ablest, most compassionate that history has ever known; nothing wrong with us, our institutions, or our society that a simple "change of leadership" will not correct. The appearance of an attractive, not-too-dark Negro on the platform seemed to convince the Republican "mob" of its racial benevolence. Even so, there was some slight improvement over the 1964 Cow Palace "mob." The party has achieved at last the appearance of unity. It has adopted a slick platform. And the liberal-moderate element is, in some respects, more potent than the count of delegates would suggest; given competent leadership it might have prevailed.

So the spotlight now shifts to Chicago. Will the Democrats have the wit to counter the Republican gamble in the only way open to them—by the nomination of McCarthy—or will they cooperate with the Republican strategists and nominate Humphrey? If they do, then *Look* magazine may well be right in suggesting that the two-party system is about to break up.

Old Man's Bluff

Every time we look (see editorials in issues of April 8 and April 22), Spain has raised its price for renewing the lease on the U.S. military bases which expires on September 26. The deal now, according to discreet murmurs from Spanish diplomatic sources, is to include an increase in the already very high level of our direct military aid, a full-fledged defense treaty (Spain is not in NATO, and England and the Scandinavian countries will not let it in), exemption from President Johnson's restrictions on capital investments abroad, and the right to try American personnel who commit crimes off the designated bases.

Franco argues that his "services" have become more valuable to the United States, what with the Russian navy curvetting about in the Mediterranean, de Gaulle's withdrawal from NATO and his ban on military overflights, and the transfer of a large French naval base in Algeria to the leftist government of that country. He also urges (at least by indirection) that he no longer needs the prestige of American bases to lend "respectability" to his regime; Hitler and Mussolini are long dead and the "jackal" epithet has lost its sting.

Perhaps so. But Franco is nevertheless not in a position to bargain with bared teeth: His economy is in fearful shape, his students are openly rebellious, his workers are finding ways to organize outside his notorious National Syndicates—and he is 75 years old.

This last fact is the one that the State Department negotiators should keep in mind. A bargain can undoubtedly be struck somewhere between the present agreement and the hungry goals of the Spaniards. But granted that we want to keep our Polaris base at Rota (the air bases become less significant every year), are we willing to rent it at the price of hostility from Franco's successors?

American spokesmen talk of humanizing the regime from within—which is what people always claim they are doing when they cannot otherwise justify a distasteful alliance, and which in this case does not seem to have been a conspicuously successful instance of benign infiltration. Meanwhile, month by month, the voice of freedom in Spain grows bolder. Franco can doubtless continue to shout it down, partly because it is not worth spilling blood to destroy a 75-year-old enemy with no apparent heirs. A great many Spaniards, a constantly growing number, are awaiting the old man's funeral. The question, as one highly placed Spanish official said to Richard Blumenthal of *The Washington Post*, is whether they will decide to bury the United States in Franco's coffin.

The Undiscussed Issue

"For 27 years now," *Business Week* writes (July 27), "national defense has been taking by far the biggest single chunk of the federal budget. This year, the military's share runs to $80 billion, nearly as much as the pretax profits of all U.S. corporations and close to 10 per cent of the gross national product." But the editors add what everybody now knows: "Neither peace in Vietnam nor a braking of the arms race with the Soviets is going to release any sudden bonanza of dollars for domestic use."

Quite the contrary: the Joint Chiefs of Staff, as well as individual viewers-with-alarm like Admiral Rickover, complain that, partly because of the Vietnamese War, military technology has been semi-stagnant for almost a decade. The minds of the military prophets in the Pentagon, the think factories and the universities are gestating new families of weapons systems: missiles, spacecraft for fighting and reconnaisance, deep-diving submarines for special missions, and the manned bombers temporarily shelved by Robert S. McNamara.

Yet the only way by which funds can be freed for the rehabilitation of the cities and even first steps taken toward meeting the needs of the poor is to bring the Vietnamese idiocy to an end and at the same time curb the Pentagon spenders before they make off with the funds theoretically made available for welfare.

Just because the death toll and property damage in this summer's rioting has been on a smaller scale than last year's, a great many people, in and out of government, are regaining their complacency. Maybe it will all blow over, they speculate. Thinking could not be more wishful. While some of the Negro militants may be bought off and some may be killed, hell is only postponed, not averted. Within a few years we may see armed helicopters firing at snipers on rooftops.

"Crime in the streets" (code for mob violence) is discussed, if not very intelligently; but averting it by social action—using funds now allocated to "defense"—is scarcely discussed at all. Insofar as there is such discus-

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sion, it is mostly by intelligent sections of the business community, such as McGraw-Hill (publishers of *Business Week*) and some Congressmen, not all of them liberals by any means. (Senator Symington, for instance, is all for new weapons, but he joined the Congressional doves in opposing anti-ballistic-missile construction.) Sens. Gaylord Nelson and Joseph S. Clark can always be relied on for sanity in such matters, together with a few others, but decisive action rests with Rep. Mendel Rivers, Chairman of the Armed Services Committee.

A few weeks ago, as *The Nation* (July 22, page 37) pointed out, the *Congressional Quarterly* quoted Pentagon officials to the effect that $10.8 billion could be trimmed from the "defense" budget with a gain rather than a loss in efficiency. Even Defense Secretary Clark Clifford said publicly that the "defense" budget could safely be reduced by $2 billion to $3 billion. But Rivers would have none of it. He allowed two hours of discussion, then rammed through a $21 billion Defense Department budget, a mere down payment on the $80 billion or more that the Department will, by all indications, continue to receive.

The mechanics of these procedures, and the underlying psychology, are the principal problem before the country today—and the most ignored. Not that anybody is visited by the FBI at dawn or thrown into a detention camp if he feels like speaking what is on his mind. Ours is not in that sense a "garrison state"—not yet, anyway. The situation is that neither party dares to initiate cuts in "defense," although there are those in both parties who know that cuts could and should be made. "Defense" has become the sacred cow of the society as well as its economic mainstay. It is the great stabilizer, the flywheel of prosperity, which must not be allowed to slow down.

What would take its place? Many high-powered businessmen talk about possible profits in cleaning up the slums, training the hard-core unemployed, etc. But they are wondering who the customers would be, just how systems engineering would be applied to a job so different from space technology, and who would coordinate the thousands of small problems and conflicts of interest that would arise. "Defense" is so much safer.

In all this the general public concurs. Congress, and even the Pentagon, is ahead of popular thinking in this respect—or rather ahead of popular non-thinking. Such are the fruits of twenty-seven years of cold war and affluent materialism. Only Eugene McCarthy, among all our Presidential "hopefuls," has had the courage to make a head-on attack on the system which produces those $80 billion "defense" budgets. He has awakened a considerable number of citizens to the issue, especially among the young. How many, and to what effect, we shall see at the end of the month.

The Rubber-Stamp Experts

The American Bar Association, which has been holding its annual convention in Philadelphia, numbers among its various committees one on the Federal Judiciary. While the contribution of some A.B.A. committees to the commonweal may be questioned, the Committee on the Federal Judiciary is not without power. If it finds a candidate for the lower judgeships "not qualified," that usually ends the matter.

An article by Fred P. Graham in the August 3 *New York Times* throws some light on how the Committee on the Federal Judiciary goes about its business. Mr. Johnson has nominated Justice Abe Fortas to be Chief Justice of the United States, and Homer Thornberry, a member of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, to take Justice Fortas' place on the Supreme Court. Judge Thornberry, who was first appointed a District Judge by President Kennedy in 1963, was found by the Committee on the Federal Judiciary to be "highly acceptable" to serve on the Supreme Court. Very likely he is, but the decision was reached with amazing celerity, and the procedure was even more amazing. It seems that Leon Jaworski, a former long-time attorney for President Johnson and also a former member of the twelve-man committee, was designated to pass on the qualifications of Judge Thornberry. From his home town of Houston, Mr. Jaworski held an hour-long telephone conference with the current members of the committee, beginning at 7 A.M. on the day President Johnson announced the nominations. Questioned by the press, Mr. Jaworski explained that the A.B.A. had assigned him to head up the investigation of Judge Thornberry "because I knew him better than the others." The committee then voted unanimously to approve both Judge Thornberry and Justice Fortas for their respective offices.

Such a cursory procedure does a grave injustice to the nominees, in that it tends to support the charges that the nominations were "rubber-stamped" by the A.B.A. and to reinforce the opposition to both men in the Senate Judiciary Committee. It is the most unlawyerlike procedure imaginable, yet it is just about what one would expect from the A.B.A. It purports to represent the American bar, but it does not and never has. It represents the big law firms—the legal Establishment, which for the most part is conservative, if not reactionary. Why not stop this travesty? Either the A.B.A. should conduct impartial, painstaking investigations or it should get out of the picture. Or, in conjunction with other legal groups, such as the Decalogue Society of Chicago, the National Lawyers Guild, the Negro bar, etc., should set up a standing committee which, with the aid of foundation funds, could conduct meaningful investigations of judicial appointees.

A Sad Month

The Nation records with sorrow the death in late July of two people who had contributed materially to the magazine and given their friendship generously to its editors. The first of these was Jane Kirstein, wife of the former publisher, who died in her sleep on July 25. Mrs. Kirstein was *The Nation*'s first regular UN correspondent, under her maiden name, Jane Stolle. She served in that post from 1958 to 1962, where her sound grasp of international affairs (Mrs. Kirstein had earlier reported to *The New York Times* from Mexico and Italy) and her journalist's flair for tracking down the stories that would be most meaningful to her particular readership were of immense value to the magazine. Her former colleagues also recall vividly how her quietly impressive demeanor—her

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presence as a woman of startling beauty possessed of a strong intelligence and the power of quick and sympathetic understanding—won for *The Nation* a respect and confidence at the United Nations that is one of its most valuable assets today. As all who remember the Andrea Doria disaster know, Mrs. Kirstein rebuilt her life from the ashes of an indescribable personal anguish. Her gallantry, entirely unstressed and indeed unperceived by the world at large, was an enduring wonder to her friends.

On July 27 died James Desmond, Albany correspondent for the New York *Daily News*. Mr. Desmond contributed to *The Nation* articles on the politics of New York State and the fluctuating career of its governor, written with a succinct authority amounting to wit. However, Mr. Desmond's assistance to the magazine was not confined to what appeared there under his by-line; as a busy and strategically placed professional, he was unfailingly available to the editors for background analysis, late information and brilliantly informed guesses.

Magazines do not mourn, and editors must cope with their private griefs in private. For the editors of *The Nation,* July was not a good month.

Comfortable with Nixon

KARL PURNELL
Mr. Purnell is a former Republican member of the Pennsylvania legislature and publisher of The Union County Journal *of Lewisburg, Pa.*

Miami Beach

Miami Beach was the perfect location. The 15-mile strip of sand and asphalt, with its giant pleasure palaces framed against the warm Atlantic, had been dredged up from a hopeless swamp in a remarkable display of capitalist power and innovation. Here, among the sauna baths, the massage parlors, the air-conditioned bars and gourmet restaurants, rich America is invited to relax and forget the problems of the world. Which is precisely what most of the 1,333 delegates to the Republican National Convention of 1968 did. In still another desperate attempt to turn back the clock and smother the problems of a troubled country, they nominated Richard Milhous Nixon because he had assured them that old friendships, old solutions and old politics still counted for something in these turbulent times.

For those worried about the ghettos Nixon advocated a good old-fashioned dose of private enterprise and individual initiative The rebellious youth? There were Julie and Tricia and David Eisenhower, smiling and minding their elders the way young people should. As for Vietnam, it was closed to discussion while peace negotiations were under way.

If all of this seemed little more than a remarkable sleight of hand, the delegates were willing prey. They came from Boine, Ida., Little Rock, Ark. and South Bend, Ind., and they wanted desperately to believe that Nixon was right. They were 48 per cent businessmen, 98 per cent white, 82 per cent Protestant, and they wanted the world to come back into focus. These were not the hard-core, conservative ideologists who had backed Barry Goldwater in 1964. Less than 15 per cent of the delegates had attended the San Francisco debacle four years ago. They were "good Republicans" who realized some changes had to be made—but not too many.

A. I. Habersham, a Negro delegate from Georgia's Sixth District, smiled proudly as he talked of his delegation: "They been treatin' me real good. Take me along to the restaurants—no trouble, no sir, no trouble at all," he said as he surveyed the convention floor just before the balloting began. "The Republicans this year know they got to recognize my people. You know, Mr. Charlie actually came to me and asked me to run as a delegate."

Habersham, an insurance salesman and Baptist minister, was starry-eyed that a Negro would be brought along by the Georgia delegation. If it was a small, even meaningless, concession, it was still a change for the better.

Admittedly, the Republican delegates gave John Wayne a standing ovation when he talked about the importance of teaching his daughter the Lord's Prayer. And they screamed with nostalgia when Barry Goldwater once again defined his brand of freedom. Yet they also gave John Lindsay a thunderous reception, following his remarks. Clearly these were not people who would boo a Nelson Rockefeller as the Goldwaterites of 1964 had done. Ideology, carried to extremes, could be a dangerous thing for these unity-minded Republicans.

In fact, if there was one remarkable characteristic of the conventioneers it was their near apathy toward the former Vice President. They like Dick Nixon, but many questioned whether he could win. No one doubted Rockefeller's ability to win. But they felt more comfortable with Nixon and simply hoped he could pull it off in November.

Delegates who openly doubted Nixon's vote-pulling power, or who took James Farmer at his word when he predicted Nixon would never get the black vote, were given a "tail-that-wags-the-dog" approach.

"Of course Nixon can't win on his own," Arlin Adams, Nixon's Pennsylvania manager, confided two days before the balloting. "But don't worry about that, because we'll get an attractive young liberal to carry the cities, the Negroes and the young people for him," Adams, an able secretary of welfare during the Scranton administration, said. This argument, astounding for its bluntness as to Nixon's inability to win, worked like magic.

Adams was able to crack the Pennsylvania delegation, picking up twenty-two votes for Nixon and leaving Gov. Raymond Shafer with forty to deliver to Rockefeller. In New Jersey the same ploy, plus several patronage offers, became the decisive factor of the convention. Ten hours before the balloting began, a wave of hope spread through the Rockefeller camp at the Americana Hotel when it was

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learned that the Garden State would hold behind Sen. Clifford Case. An extraordinary blitz by the Nixon camp finally buckled the delegation a few hours before the roll call, thus signaling the end of the Rockefeller efforts.

While the large Eastern industrial states were cajoled with the magic image of a Lindsay, a Percy, or a Hatfield, Nixon's Southern managers were using the same approach with a different name. Reagan supporters were told that they could have their man on the second spot if they stayed with Nixon. If they didn't hold, the nomination would be thrown to Rockefeller.

By eight o'clock Wednesday night word spread through the convention that the fight was over. There remained only the cliché-ridden nomination speeches and the demonstrations. There was little bitterness about the outcome. William Scranton, former governor of Pennsylvania, now obscure and unnoticed as he worked for Rockefeller throughout the convention, turned to a Nixon delegate and laughed: "Well, at least our spontaneous demonstration is more spontaneous than yours."

Gov. John Love of Colorado, also a Rockefeller supporter, sighed with resignation as the howling Nixon demonstrators jumped up and down in the aisles: "They keep supporting the same little group of people, and the group keeps getting smaller every year."

When it was all over and the delegates dispersed into the neon glow of Miami Beach's garish Washington Boulevard, a taxi driver muttered as he weaved through the early morning traffic: "Mister, I'll tell you one thing: Nixon can never win. I don't know what's wrong with you Republicans."

Yet the real blow was not to be scored until the next morning. At a long-delayed press conference, before which reporters speculated that it would have to be Lindsay, Nixon stunned much of the convention city with the announcement that Gov. Spiro T. Agnew of Maryland would be his running mate. Unpopular in his own state and a politician of the old school, Agnew is a suicidal choice whose selection was received with disbelief in the Rockefeller camp. It is likely that Lindsay might have picked up much of the New York Governor's support. Nixon, true to form, had chosen another Bill Miller, who might placate many of the Southern states, but would hardly help in the all-important industrial Northeast.

Bad as it all seemed, there was an air of hope among some delegates, who saw the Nixon nomination as the last gasp from the old politicians who have been ruling the Republican Party. "Sure Nixon will lose, but it doesn't mean the end of the Republican Party. Don't forget we lost in 1964 and it didn't kill us," one delegate stated.

Robert Porter, a 26-year-old peace delegate from Williamsport, Pa., spoke about the future of the Republican Party. A drama teacher who was elected by an anti-Vietnamese War organization in his Congressional district, Porter said: "Maybe the liberals in the party have finally learned their lesson. We have got to start early. I think a lot of people are going to begin working now for John Lindsay."

If the Republican Party has once again forfeited an excellent chance to win the Presidency, it should not be surprising. For whatever else the lessons of 1964 and 1968 can teach, it should now be amply clear that the GOP is not a national party. Gov. Tim Babcock of Montana stated this very well when he explained why he was supporting the Nixon candidacy: "You have to get someone who can help you in your own state. The local elections are the most important."

What Babcock was saying publicly is what many of the Republican delegates admitted privately throughout the convention. Winning national power is secondary to regional victory. Almost to a man, members of the Southern delegations admitted that George Wallace would sweep their states in November.

"We can't win with any of these candidates, but we can pick up some local offices with Nixon or Reagan," one Georgia delegate claimed. To him, it was immaterial what happened in Washington. In state after state it was apparent that this concern for regional problems exceeded by far any concern for the national crisis.

During a noontime champagne party given for members of one delegation beside the palm-bordered pool of a Miami Beach hotel on the day of the balloting, a loudspeaker announced: "Will all delegates please arrange to attend a caucus. It is important that all delegates attend this meeting." No one moved from the pool.

Lobster Land: A Traveler in China

ALBERTO MORAVIA

This essay by the renowned Italian novelist is taken from his The Red Book and the Great Wall: An Impression of Mao's China, *to be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux in the early fall. The English translation is by Ronald Strom.*

Our program for the day was the Great Wall. It runs along the mountains between China and Mongolia more than 3,000 miles. But we visited a section that was about 50 miles from Peking and saw only a few hundred yards of it. We went by automobile and sat in our usual places: Dacia and I in back, and the driver and Mr. Li, our guide, in front. The car left Peking and went into the countryside, toward the Western Hills.

It was a magnificent day. Large white clouds, gold around their edges, lazily crossed the sky. The plain of Peking was of a springtime green, bright and clear, as far as the dark blue of the hills.

The Great Wall stimulates thought. It is one of mankind's myths and not merely because of its astonishing length. There is an ideology of the Great Wall—there is a message. There is also a psychology of the Great

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Wall or, if you prefer, a state of mind. And finally there is a lesson of the Great Wall—aesthetic, political, military, social, philosophical, economic.

The Great Wall is also the Chinese myth par excellence. An idea that has been transformed into a concrete object, visible, enduring, perhaps eternal. In a moment of Chinese-style conservatism, the French tried to construct their own Great Wall: the Maginot Line. But the Maginot Line did not last more than a generation; it was stormed from the flank. Now its little fortresses are auctioned off to amateurs of military ruins. The Great Wall functioned uninterruptedly from 200 B.C. almost till yesterday. And the Chinese have no intention of dismantling it. They have restored the sections near Peking, and it has become the object of tourist pilgrimages. Other countries have their churches, palaces and museums, or their Niagara Falls or Vesuviuses to show. In China they have a wall.

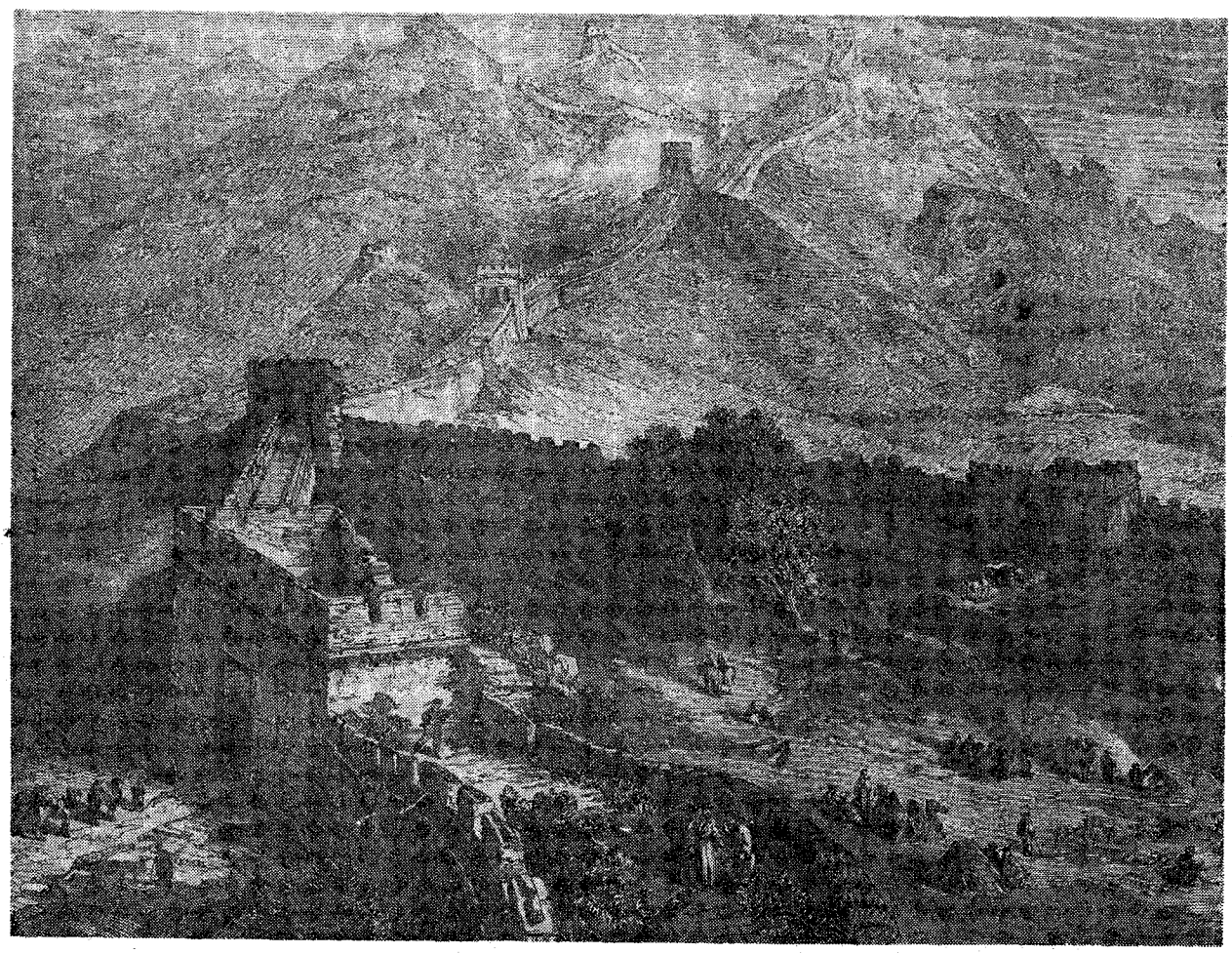
So much has been said about the Great Wall that one is almost ashamed to mention it. One is tempted to say the only thing that probably has not already been said—the tautology that the Great Wall is the Great Wall. But after all, the fear of uttering the commonplace is very common. So I too will have a go at the myth of the Great Wall. Let me begin by saying that the Great Wall obviously has two sides to it: the inner side facing China, and the other one facing Mongolia.

On the Chinese side was, and still is, China—an immense country that, depending on the period of history, teemed with activity, prosperity and fervor, or was depopulated and ran wild in civil wars. Thus one's idea of the Great Wall is noticeably modified. The Great Wall was not always and invariably like a strong safe protecting a treasure. Sometimes there was a treasure and sometimes not, according to the times. The Great Wall actually served to protect, in a purely existential sense, the Chinese people. But from what? For that question we must consider the outer side of the Great Wall.

The Great Wall was built to prevent barbarian invasions. But who were the barbarians? One might answer that they were the Mongols, the Huns, but that would not be exactly right. The barbarians were any peoples who were not Chinese.

On the other hand, there was not, there could not be, as far as the Chinese were concerned, any people, even barbarians. There was simply the void. This void had been created by the Great Wall itself, by the Chinese, from the very moment they began to build the Great Wall. Without the Great Wall, there could be no void.

Thus, coming closer to a true definition, the Great Wall defended and protected China from the void, from nothing. China was what was, what existed, what was important. Outside China there was nothing, nothing existed, nothing had any importance.



The Great Wall of China

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The message of the Great Wall and its ideology, then, are strictly Chinese. They are the message and the psychology of a conservatism that is rather special. It is not political, not military, not social and not economic, though there is something of all those in it. One might almost say it was biological and aesthetic. The Great Wall was built against the barbarians because the barbarians might have introduced new blood and new ideas into China. But new blood and ideas unleash evolution and revolution. And China's aim was not to develop or change but to endure. Endure, perhaps to age, perhaps to grow decrepit, but to endure. But biological duration demands orthodoxy, immobility, etiquette, ceremony and ritual. The Great Wall guaranteed the unending continuity of these things. It allowed the Chinese people to endure, with or without culture, in order and tranquillity, or immersed in the chaos of civil war, rich or poor. All this as far as the aspect I have called biological is concerned.

But there was also an aesthetic aspect. Every conservatism results from pushing to its extreme the idea of form as a victory over time. Only perfect form can put the object that reproduces it outside time; only through perfect form can it be expressed for eternity. Artists are conservatives par excellence, even when they claim to be revolutionaries. They want their work to endure forever.

In an artistic sense, let us say, the Great Wall was intended to maintain the form of China unchanged for eternity. It had the same function as the shell of a crustacean. It would not have the form it does if it were not for the shell. One could extend the metaphor. Like crustaceans, ancient China was hard outside and soft inside—unlike men and vertebrates in general, which are soft outside and hard inside. But isn't the crustacean perhaps the best symbol for a conservatism so rigid and so plated with laws, norms, etiquettes, ceremonies and rites that it has no content or is a mere shell for soft interests? Conservatism is a lobster. Ancient China was a lobster. The Great Wall was the expression of Chinese conservatism, just as the shell of the lobster is the expression of the lobster's exquisite softness.

Perhaps then the barbarians were not as barbaric as the Chinese pretended they were. Or, indeed, they may have been barbarians, but they were barbarians on the order of those who invaded the Roman Empire at the time of decline. They were bearers of that particular kind of destruction which is a result of ignorance and youth.

And it was precisely because they were young and ignorant that they provoked new developments and injected new blood. Perhaps it would have been better if the Chinese had been as thoughtless or incapable or irresponsible as the Romans, if they had not built their Great Wall and had let the barbarians enter freely.

All that Europe had in the way of Great Walls at the time of the barbarian invasions was a little Roman revetment between England and Scotland. The barbarians went everywhere. But the Chinese, with their Great Wall, managed to keep the barbarians outside China for a very long time indeed. Thus when the barbarians finally came, civilized by now, it was an easy matter to make them Chinese, to make them part of Chinese corruption and decrepitude. The Great Wall, as I said, was the Chinese view of the world, their way of existing in the world. Since they could not build a Great Wall on the sea, they did the next best thing by closing their ports to the barbarians of the Western world. It was a great wall of prohibitions, and it lasted as long as the Great Wall of stone. Then all of a sudden, in less than a century, all the Great Walls of China fell, one after another. The void was suddenly revealed then as difference, and China discovered the void within itself. Thus China has absorbed into its inner void the outer, barbarian difference. This is the history of modern China, from the Taiping Rebellion to Mao.

Nevertheless, the problem of Chinese communism today may again be that of the ancient celestial empire. Will China go back to the system of the Great Wall, that biological and formal immobility guaranteed by an ideological orthodoxy, a philosophical dogma? Will it again become a lobster land? Or will China give up the idea of the Great Wall once and for all? Will dogmas and orthodoxies be hurled down, and will China become a vertebrate land, hard inside and soft outside, a horse land (or a man land)?

These were my thoughts as the automobile drove through the well-cultivated countryside at the foot of the Western Hills. Then the road began to climb a bit. There are stupendous mountains in China, in Sinkiang and Tibet, under the Himalayas. But the so-called Western Hills are only hills. Here the Great Wall seems to be justified also by lack of natural defenses.

The road runs along the bottom of a narrow valley, green and flourishing. The stony river bed with shallow limpid water is visible between the bushes. Then the hills gradually close, and while they do not grow higher they become steeper. And the valley becomes a gorge.

We arrived at a small group of peasant houses, low yellow constructions with dried-mud walls and straw roofs. The car stopped and we saw a kind of arch or bridge of white marble, a massive and elaborate structure, a veritable work of art planted there in the middle of the unchanging countryside. It was one of the gates of the Great Wall, and soldiers and excise officers probably once stood guard there. It must have been an inner gate, part of a system of lesser walls that defended the nearby capital. The authentic Great Wall is much farther away.

We got out of the car and looked at the gate. Like all Chinese monuments, it was both massive and ornamental. The idea of solidity was oddly blended with that of refinement. The gate was covered with fine low-relief sculptures on both sides. The subject was exactly what one would have expected, given the place and function of the monument: this was civilization, as represented by heroes, sages and emperors, bending the neck of barbarism, depicted in the form of dragons, serpents and monsters. Anyone entering China would have understood at once. He was leaving the void of barbarism and entering the realm of civilization. Albeit this realm consisted only of ceremony and etiquette; that is, a void like any other.

We climbed to the top of the gate. It had been aban-

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doned, like so many artistic creations in China today. Weeds were growing between the bricks, there were cracks in the marble, and the sculptures were scratched, darkened and defaced. The gate ought to be restored, but there is slight chance that it can be done in the near future. Mr. Li's tone was dry and slightly bored as he explained what this gate was. The Chinese today are not interested in the Great Wall, for it no longer serves any purpose. Other times, other Great Walls. The most one can hope for is the restoration of some section of the fortifications, designed in harmony with the times, to be educational and scientific. But the marble arch is too beautiful to be restored.

We returned to the automobile and drove on through the valley, or rather the gorge. Finally, at the point where the gorge is narrowest, we saw the Great Wall, the real one, the one that traverses 3,000 miles of mountains. I recognized the presence, the efficacy, the power of the myth in the emotion that suddenly took hold of me. It is true, of course, that the place itself is indescribably evocative. On both sides of the gorge, the mountains seem to withdraw, as if they were fleeing from the gorge from one peak to another. And along the edge of these two continuous ridges, standing out against the blue sky, the huge gray stone serpent, sinuous and soft, embracing the tortuous turns of the mountain range, also takes flight.

The beauty of the Great Wall is in its faithful pursuit of the meandering mountains. A squared-up wall in the middle of a plain, like the Escorial, for example, has something dismal, abstract and lifeless about it. But to look at the Great Wall is to experience a serpentine vitality. The reptile may be decrepit but it is alive. One is almost suprised that it does not move, slithering off, curl around the mountains, and finally disappear on the horizon. Its vitality is subtle, insinuating, resilient, sly, tenacious, parasitic and symbiotic. There is a kind of marriage between ivy and the tree trunk around which it twines. And this marriage is also very Chinese; it is designed to endure because it is bound to nature, a natural fact, a natural situation.

We walked up to the wall. The way in which the Chinese military engineers went about constructing the Great Wall is clear. The wall winds up and down the mountains like an amusement park roller coaster. Where the mountain forms a peak there is a guard tower, and between one peak and another, i.e., between one tower and another, the wall descends and rises again over a distance that is never too great to prevent a clear view of anything that might happen along that particular section of wall. In other words, one has a clear view of the wall from one tower to the next. Thus the barbarians were effectively held at bay. As soon as they would appear, the soldiers stationed in the towers at the ends of the threatened section of the wall would leap to the defense. And a system of signals from tower to tower could warn Peking of an imminent attack.

Probably the greater part of the Great Wall has been abandoned, as have so many monuments in China. Overrun with weeds, its battlements crumbling, its parapets fallen down and its towers mutilated, the Great Wall must be merely a shapeless ruin of stone and brick in many places. But in that gorge so near Peking, the Great Wall has been restored with the greatest attention. There is even a restaurant. And in the open area before the restaurant several tourist buses and many cars were parked. Dense groups of Chinese tourists were climbing up the wall, toward the towers. They climbed slowly, looking as small as ants in the distance. They carried picnic lunches and bottles of beer wrapped in handkerchiefs. The Great Wall seemed to move them and delight them more than any other monument in Peking. It is "their" monument, the only Chinese monument that has something universal to say—a myth of mankind in general.

We picked out what seemed the shortest and least steep section of the wall and started to climb ourselves. One can go up the wall by broad steps or by extremely steep inclines. These ramps are so steep that one must crawl up them, and to come down again one must lean far back. It was a calm clear day, but oddly enough a wild cold wind was blowing on top of the wall—evidently the wind that whirls in the void beyond the wall. And there was the void: we looked out at it between the battlements. Beyond the gorge, past a kind of ridge of shrubs, was an immense green plain, bright, golden in the sun, mysterious and thriving. And the idea came back of the void from which the wall was intended to protect China. All it was was something different and perhaps, who knows, something better. Perhaps the Great Wall was not only intended to defend and to protect but to prevent comparisons and confrontations.

Moreover the revolution that has renovated China came from there, from that immense plain, mysterious, green and golden in the sun. Over there, in a straight line running thousands of miles, is Lenin's Russia and Marx's Europe. Over there is the homeland of the barbarian ideas that have rejuvenated the decrepit old lady with her tiny feet and age-old etiquette. But the danger now is that these barbarian ideas will be bound up, like ladies' feet, in orthodox dogma, that they too will become matters of etiquette, ceremony and ritual.

We climbed several steps and then began to clamber up a tremendously steep ramp. We climbed into the wind that struck from all sides and seemed to want to hurl us down. We finally reached a guard tower. It was three stories high, with rooms and stairs and passageways. There were crenels for shooting arrows, and projectiles and small windows for the mouths of culverins. Everything had been marvelously restored. Everything was brand-

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new and dead. I turned to our guide. "I suppose the Great Wall at least served some purpose."

"It protected the empire for centuries against barbarian invasions."

"But what happened in China during all those centuries?"

"Well, it's clear what happened. First the empire grew and prospered, and then it went into decline."

"So the Great Wall at some point no longer managed to protect China from its own decadence and corruption."

He shrugged his shoulders, and inside me I knew he was not wrong to do so. My remark was a sophism. "There is no relation between the two. On the one hand, the empire built the Great Wall for purely military reasons. And on the other, China went into decline."

"Let's have a closer look at this. Try to understand me. If China had not built the Great Wall and had remained open to foreign influences and ideas and innovations, perhaps it would not have gone into decline."

"There was no chance of beneficial ideas or influences or innovations coming from Mongolia. Just armed warriors on horseback."

"I haven't made myself clear. For the Great Wall is chiefly a symbol."

"A symbol of what?"

"The symbol of invincible Chinese conservatism."

"There's nothing invincible. China today is a revolutionary country, the most revolutionary country in the world. And the Great Wall is a great work of Chinese military engineering."

When our visit was ended and we returned to the car that was to take us back to Peking, I couldn't resist quoting Lao Tzu's words of the Tao. "The court is corrupt, The fields are overgrown with weeds, The granaries are empty; Yet there are those dressed in fineries, With swords at their sides, Filled with food and drink, And possessed of too much wealth. This is known as taking the lead in robbery. Far indeed is this from the way."

These words were written before the Great Wall was built. What can Great Walls protect except that which should not be protected? Life, at its fullest and most mature, has no need of Great Walls.

URBAN FARMERS

The Green Belts of Cuba

TIMOTHY F. HARDING and DONALD W. BRAY

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In Cuba today, Hispanic visionaries can work in an atmosphere of down-to-earth effectiveness. Don Quixote has found discipline. Yet the new work ethic has, if anything, enhanced the traditional Latin dream ethic. The current Havana green belt project is a case in point.

A few months ago near Havana, Fidel Castro talked with a small farmer who was about to join the stream of exiles leaving for Miami. The revolution had helped him little; he lived in the same old shack and could not find or afford labor to clear and plant most of his acreage. Castro asked the man whether his attitude would change if the government cleared his land of scrub brush, provided him with a new furnished house, livestock and field hands, and gave him all necessary technical and financial support to make his farm profitable. The suspicious farmer responded that he could never repay the government for these services. Fidel replied that the revolution asked only for his cooperation, not for repayment. The man's eyes widened and the Havana green belt—"Cordón de La Habana"—was born. That was in April, 1967. The farmer's land was cleared in one week. An access road was built to his property. His land was seeded and a water reservoir constructed. Today, the man is the local president of the National Association of Small Farmers and one of the leading spokesmen for the Cordón.

The Cordón idea has overnight become a massive socio-agricultural undertaking. A belt around the capital (almost 7 per cent of the Province of Havana) is being converted into a vast forest of millions of productive trees. This was formerly an area of mostly open, under-utilized land, left in scrub or unimproved pasture.* At a forced-march pace, climatological, soil, hydrographic and land-use studies were made and a master plan was drawn up for the Cordón. In addition to the expanse of coffee, fruit and beans, the plan calls for a new botanic garden and zoo in a large park, a recreational forest, many zones of ornamental plants and sizable areas for dairy stock and sugar cane cultivation. Eighty reservoirs are being constructed to provide water for irrigation and recreation throughout the Cordón.

The Cordón is not an isolated effort but the first experimental stage of what will become a series of belts stretching from one end of the island to the other. In Havana Province a dairy belt will be added around the south edge of the present Cordón and that will be followed by a 330,000-acre vegetable Cordón, around the dairy belt. These plans are made by region with little attention

*This was one sign of the irrational use of resources in the days when Cuba, an economic dependency of the United States, imported its urban food supply from abroad although most of the population worked in agriculture. The existence of uncultivated land all over the island is, on the other hand, a great advantage Cuba has over such areas as Haiti or El Salvador where the top soil has long since been overworked and eroded. The ingredients which the Cubans are adding in the Cordón are urban labor, technology and efficient overall planning.

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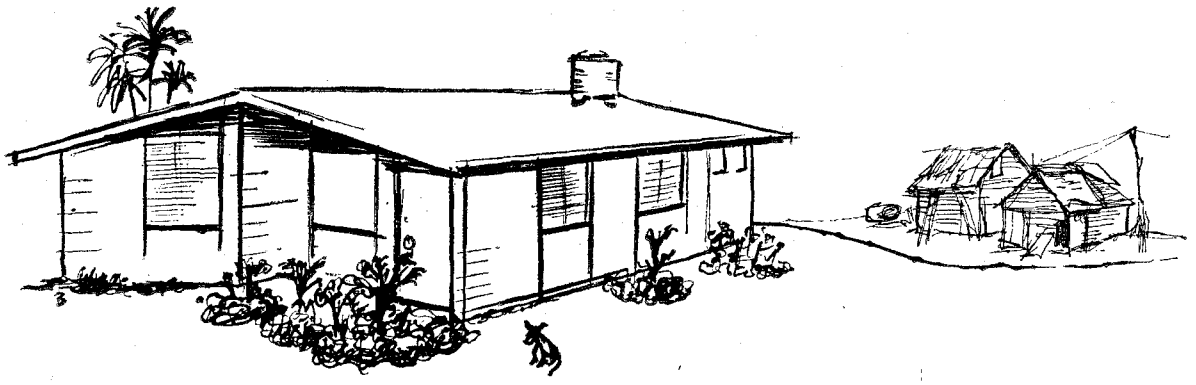

paid to whether the land is in private, collective or government ownership except for the right of the small landowner to cultivate a portion of his land as he sees fit.

Like all the important, large-scale projects in Cuba, the plan is directed by the consolidated revolutionary party, now officially called the Communist Party of Cuba, though it contains only a small minority of pre-revolutionary Communists and is universally referred to simply as "the party." It was placed in charge because the massive mobilization of urbanites for agriculture at no extra pay is seen as a basically political undertaking. The campaign succeeds only if it can be made meaningful to enough people so that they take upon themselves individually and collectively the responsibility to meet the goals.

Moreover, as the best-organized civilian institution in the country, the party was clearly the proper organization to coordinate a complex task in which all government ministries play a part. Heavy, army-operated equipment was dispatched for land clearing. Enormous plant nurseries were established, the work of 2.5 million man-days, with labor brigades organized to plant seedlings. Elementary and secondary students were mobilized for lighter jobs. Playgrounds, brightly colored, beflagged shade tents, field kitchens and toilets were spaced throughout the Cordón area. More than a million men, women and children from hundreds of schools, government agencies and work centers had to be given specific tasks at designated times and places. Some stores and agencies in Havana were closed periodically to free people for planting, but employees who stayed behind in stores and factories that did not close guaranteed to maintain output levels despite the absence of those who had left for the Cordón.

The authors of this article were moved to join the parade out of Havana to plant coffee trees. The supervisor of the all-male group of planters who agreed to accept our unexpected services was a woman who six months before had been a statistician in a government office. She seemed genuinely pleased by our offer to help. At first our coworkers assumed we were Canadians. They were only mildly surprised to learn our true nationality. Struggling together in sticky soil under a tropical sun, what did it matter? We were *compañeros*. Music from a nearby mess tent lifted the spirit. When break-time came, French pastry unavailable in Havana shops was distributed to the field workers. In contrast to the food shortages in city markets, the trays in lunch tents were loaded with meat, rice, sweet potatoes, beans and soft drinks. The food available in Cuba is distributed more generously to places where hard physical work is being done.

An unmistakable *élan* is created by the joining of city dwellers and peasants, working the soil for a common cause. The seriousness of city people gives way to smiles and joking in the fields. Office workers are astonished to find themselves concerned about rainfall, drought, seed varieties and grafting techniques about which they (and the party officials) have become expert. It may be that the peasants are even more astonished to be sweating side by side with librarians and cabinet ministers in a kind of work where they have a real skill advantage. The barriers between urban and rural people and between social classes and occupations melt under the baking sun. People seem to be taking care of one another, protecting this one's bad back, giving the best hoe or smoothest handled shovel to the least experienced worker, gently correcting any blunders in technique.

We talked for three hours with some of the party officials who organized the Cordón enterprise at their "command post" in Havana. They were, like most Cubans who hold positions of leadership, in their 20s. These young politicians are at once hard-boiled organizers and fearless dreamers about the construction of a moneyless society. They described their sociological vision of the Cordón. Besides tying city and country together and dramatizing the agricultural priority of the revolution, it will, they hope, ultimately transform the Cordón small farmer into a nonmaterialist, a person motivated by moral instead of monetary incentives. That being the case, we asked, why were they leaving 60 per cent of the Cordón in the hands of private farmers and not establishing collective farms? "Our immediate concern," they answered, "is not the form of ownership but production. Schools, stores, electricity and recreational facilities could be provided more cheaply if we grouped families in large settlements, but the farmers of this area prefer to live an independent and isolated life.

"To tamper at this point with that preference would jeopardize the whole undertaking. However, we are going to change their outlook by breaking their isolation through community action. We will give them everything they need free: a new house, furniture, clothing, education for their children, medical care, etc. Students and other volunteers will plant their coffee trees and other valuable crops. Volunteers will help cultivate and harvest their crops with-

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out charge, yet the farmer will be allowed to keep the profits from the harvest. After all, what can he do with these profits? He cannot buy land, he cannot hire labor. The use of machinery is supplied free of charge. Any crop loans he receives are canceled if drought or hurricanes ruin his harvest. No automobiles or luxury items are available, even if he wanted to buy them." (As they do become available they will be so rationed that people with large amounts of money will have little advantage.)

These young revolutionaries were fully aware that the small farmer was the person in Cuba least likely to develop a revolutionary consciousness but, they pointed out, the Cordón campaign had so impressed certain farmers that they had already pledged to donate to the government crops which were planted for them by others. It is by this kind of exchange of faith and work that the young Cubans dare to conceive of the rapid abolition of money in their society. By 1970 they plan to furnish free eggs and coffee, and to abolish rent. (Already rents are very low or canceled, since in 1959 all rent payments were halved and converted into payments toward purchase.) Sooner or later the farmer will develop a collectivist spirit and perhaps even move voluntarily to a new settlement with better services; but if, despite everything, he keeps his old mentality, then his children, who cannot inherit his land, will want to leave the farm anyway because they will have been educated for technical and professional careers.

The Cordón officials explained that the use of urban labor in agriculture made sense to them, not only because of its sociological implications but also because, once the land is cleared and agriculture becomes more mechanized, less labor will be needed in farming each year. Thus there is no reason to prepare for large numbers of permanent agricultural workers.

In return for free agricultural produce in the future, the urban population is working today in agriculture without compensation. They are working for Havana's abundant food supply of tomorrow without calculating individual reward. And insofar as the Cordón campaign has been a triumph of moral incentives, it is a monument to Che Guevara, for it was he who championed that position in Cuba before he left to promote revolution abroad.

PENNSYLVANIA FOR HUMPHREY

The Party Vetoes the People

JAMES HIGGINS
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FACT: Four years ago, on April 28, 1964, Lyndon B. Johnson received 209,606 votes in the Democratic Presidential primary election in Pennsylvania. The Pennsylvania delegation to the subsequent nominating convention, after New York and California the third largest delegation, could hardly be criticized for supporting, as it did, the people's choice. In this year's primary, on April 23, Sen. Eugene McCarthy received 428,259 Democratic votes. (The Johnson-Humphrey combined vote was 72,263 and Sen. Robert Kennedy got 65,430.) But when the 130 Pennsylvania delegate votes are cast at the Chicago convention on August 28, the chances are—I am writing this on July 30—that Humphrey will receive on the first ballot about 100 votes and McCarthy, if he's lucky, the rest.

QUESTION: How can it happen that, four years ago, the Pennsylvania delegation to convention reflected voter sentiment expressed at the primary polls, whereas this year most of the delegation is ready to reflect exactly the opposite of what more than twice as many voters indicated as their political feeling: namely, that they oppose a Johnson Administration candidate and prefer somebody else, particularly Senator McCarthy?

ANSWERS (More or less; I attach that "more or less" because it has become almost impossible, it seems to me, to make sense out of the American political system or to obtain reasonable explanations of its processes and of the decisions, if you can call them that, of its practitioners): I have talked recently with eight persons involved in Democratic politics in Pennsylvania—two on the national level, three on the state level and three on the county level. To one degree or another they are all "leaders." The general impression I got was of men wandering in a wilderness trying, sometimes desperately, sometimes good-humoredly, to convince themselves that they're getting somewhere. It struck me once or twice during my chats that, valuable and instructive as the Bolivian diary of Che Guevara may be, the journal I'd like to read would be the candid daily record of a man whose life experience is that of conventional U.S. politics.

I posed two general questions to the politicians: *Why* were the Democratic Party executives in Pennsylvania determined that as many convention delegates as they could control should vote for Hubert Humphrey? And *how*, given the primary indications of popular Democratic hostility to Johnson-Humphrey policies, and of favor for the candidacy of Senator McCarthy, could the party executives exercise majority control of the delegates?

As for the first question, nobody really seemed to know, except that Humphrey happened to be in the national line of succession and, well, there he was, you had to make the best of it. Professional Democrats in Pennsylvania, operating an organization that had lost the last two gubernatorial elections and its state-wide registration edge over the Republicans, received two stunning blows this year. Their effect was increased by the fact that former Gov. David Lawrence had died in 1966 and was no longer around to guide, manage and oversee the deliberations of

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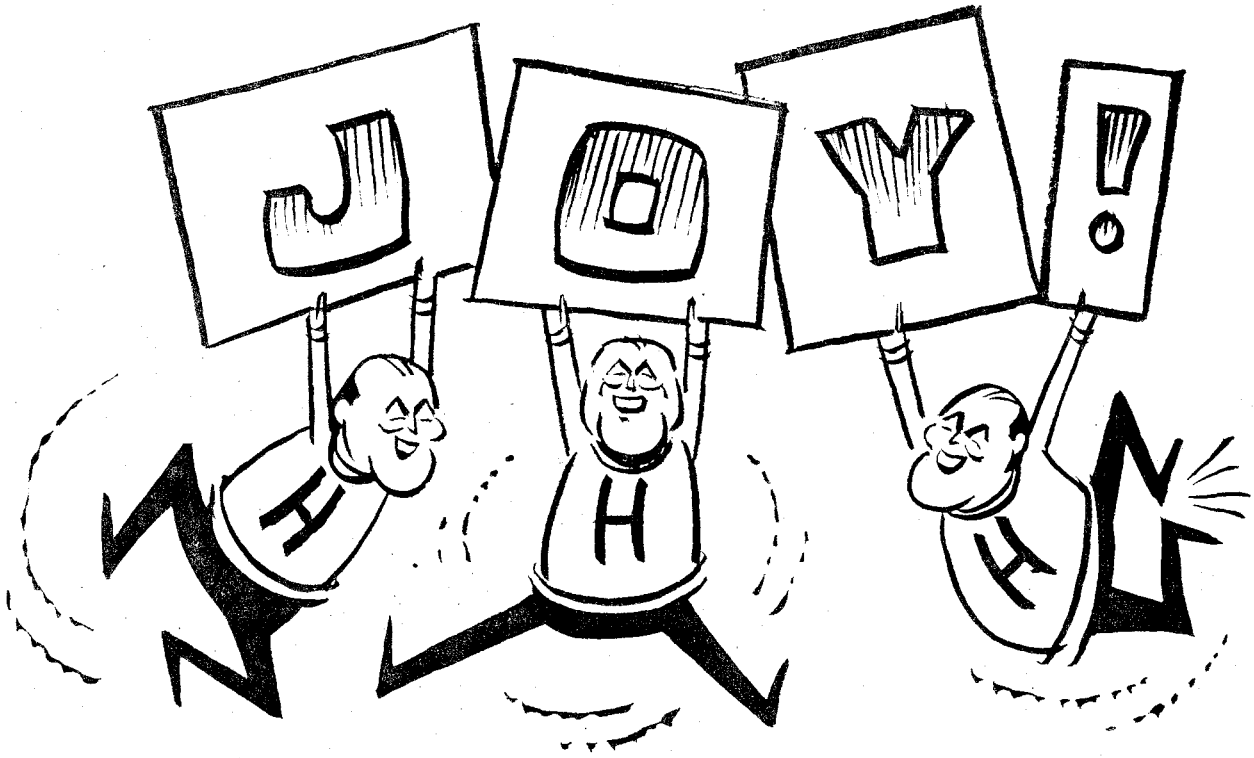

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the state party's policy committee. The first blow was the announcement by Johnson that he would not run for re-election. This March 31st announcement, coming about three weeks before the Pennsylvania primary, was followed by the second blow—the amazing size of the vote for McCarthy, whose supporters would have been gratified by even half the number he received. The party professionals, I was informed by a politician who knows them well, were "flabbergasted" by the primary.

Under the circumstances, I asked a young Democrat who, in his recent commitment to full-time politics, has proved himself as both campaigner and candidate, wouldn't it have been logical for the professionals to have decided that the primary vote warranted an endorsement of McCarthy? He said politely that the logic of politics was something else again. To the professionals, he said, the logical conclusion to be drawn from the primaries was that they had to work harder for Humphrey, since he was "the choice." But "the choice" of whom?, I persisted. Is he, for example, the choice of the kids in their 20s who were with you when you ran for office last year? Hell, no, he said, all those kids are out campaigning for McCarthy.

He had just finished telling me that the major problem of the Democratic Party in Pennsylvania was to undo its "image" of a boss-directed machine, with the main levers in Philadelphia (in the hands of Mayor James Tate) and Pittsburgh (manipulated by Mayor Joseph Barr, who is also one of the state's two national committeemen and chairman of this year's convention delegation), and to develop a party oriented to issues represented by attractive, convincing candidates. He also told me, at various points in the conversation, that he thought we were in for at least ten years of conservatism or reaction in the administration of the federal government, that it was the "white-law-and-order" vote which preoccupied professional politicians no matter what their social philosophy, that Humphrey would be the next President, that there was absolutely no chance that the state's party executives, or more than two or three of the delegates not already pledged to McCarthy (unofficially, since delegates to national convention are by Pennsylvania law prohibited from prior public promise of their vote), would change their minds. Humphrey's the man, he said, that's it.

I made one last try to get from him some kind of practical reason for this position. I suppose, I said, that with 60,000 state jobs available to members of whatever party runs the government of Pennsylvania from Harrisburg, there must be a connection between hoping for the election of Humphrey as President and hoping for a Democratic governor in 1970. No, he said, he didn't think so. The jobs don't mean anything any more, if they ever really did. Only a few of them pay anything worth while; and these have to be filled with competent persons, not just anybody who's a friend of a county chairman, so that actually there are a lot of holdovers no matter how the administrations change politically. And as for the peanut jobs, the problem is to find people to take them. I said that since state patronage didn't seem to count, could it be that federal patronage and contracts had something to do with the determination to back Humphrey. Federal patronage, he told me, adds up to a few judgeships and, you know, some housing jobs, poverty jobs. As for the road and building contracts, the defense contracts, the guys in those fields are pretty well insured with both parties; there are exceptions, of course, but not enough to build a case for discovering why Humphrey is the candidate. He just is, that's all. He's the candidate and perhaps the best way to put it is that when Johnson withdrew, Humphrey automatically became the candidate, which means that you

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find reasons for supporting him and getting him elected. It's a simple political organizational thing.

I had already observed the workings of this process in the person of an older Democrat, a prominent one, whose ideas about the U.S. role in Vietnam were close to those of McCarthy and certainly greatly different from those of Johnson and Humphrey. Nevertheless, he was preparing himself to accept Humphrey as the candidate. He had begun, he said, to see the two men, Humphrey and McCarthy, as reflecting the Boy Scout style and the Jesuit style. He had just about persuaded himself that a Boy Scout was preferable in the White House and more generally representative of the American ideology, if there was one.

I did not mention, since I was there not to argue but to listen, that Nixon might prove to have a Boy Scout appeal superior to that of Humphrey. While I was thinking thus, the older Democrat was telling me that the sensible method for approaching the Presidential political question was to "imagine" a man not as a candidate but as a President in office. He said that on balance Humphrey projected into that spot more definitively than McCarthy. It reminded me of what I had heard, in less abstract language, from a sharp Democratic functionary who is at home in both state and national circles. McCarthy, he said, would make a lousy President, so it's up to us to educate the people who might have voted emotionally for Gene in the primary to get with Humphrey for President. You mean, I said, he's already nominated? Oh sure, he said, we have the delegates.

Which brings up question number two. *How* do "they" get to have the delegates when more than 400,000 Pennsylvania Democrats voted for Senator McCarthy on April 23? The explanation lies in the manner by which delegates get to be delegates in Pennsylvania. It is, to say the least, a curious system, and the more so because when you start to look into it, you immediately receive the news that what you are about to study constitutes a model of democratic intent and form.

On the day before a prospective candidate in Pennsylvania is permitted by law to circulate nominating petitions, the Democratic State Committee announces the appointment of a number of convention "delegates at large." This year the date was January 22 and the number fifty-two. The theoretical basis for selecting these delegates at that particular time is that they can be presumed not to know who might be a candidate and can therefore be further presumed to have free and open minds when chosen. Which, of course, is nonsense. I am sure that the few persons responsible for appointing the delegates, and the delegates themselves, assumed on January 22 that Johnson would be the Democratic nominee—and that they assumed so up until March 31. The true political character of the appointed delegates at large, is revealed, however, not by what probably was in their minds between January 22 and March 31, but by what they have done—or, rather, not done—since the flabbergasting April 23rd primary.

Only one of the fifty-two, to my knowledge, has announced that the primary vote for McCarthy, and for McCarthy's program, will lead him to cast his vote for McCarthy at convention. This delegate is Milton Shapp, who strayed from a highly successful business career into politics several years ago, when he secured the Democratic gubernatorial nomination and was defeated by the present Republican Gov. Raymond Shafer. Shapp has maintained something of a political organization of his own in Pennsylvania, but his defection from the Humphrey ranks has not even slightly shaken the party professionals. One of them said to me, "Miltie's a party of one, strictly speaking, for and to himself in this present ball game." Had Sen. Robert Kennedy lived, there might have been a few more breaks in the delegate-at-large solidarity. But not many, chances are; they were picked too carefully.

Among them, for example, are the persons who no doubt did the picking: the aforementioned James Tate (Joseph Barr gets to be a delegate by virtue of having succeeded David Lawrence as a national committeeman); state party chairman Thomas Minehart (who is also one of Pennsylvania's five elected executives, holding the office of State Treasurer); former Gov. George Leader, now directing the Humphrey build-up in the state; and Congressman William Green of Philadelphia, son of a one-time Congressman of the same name.

A more extensive sampling from the list of delegates at large illustrates the safety of the system. For instance: I. W. Abel, president of the United Steelworkers union, is, like most of Pennsylvania's labor chiefs, a Johnson Administration stalwart. Last fall the AFL-CIO passed the word that any Democratic candidate for any office had to go all out for Johnson or forfeit labor support. The Pennsylvania AFL-CIO has "unanimously" endorsed Humphrey and the state's two top union officials, Harry Boyer and Mike Johnson, are convention delegates at large.

As are Genevieve Blatt, former Pennsylvania Secretary of Internal Affairs, unsuccessful candidate for the U.S. Senate, now a deputy director in the Johnson Administration's Office of Economic Opportunity, secretary of the state committee; Grace Sloan, Auditor General of the state, first brought into state government as an appointee of former Governor Leader; Andrew Bradley, Secretary of Property and Supplies in the Leader and Lawrence administrations, now treasurer of the state committee; Louise John, vice chairman of the state committee; A. D. Cohn, chairman of the Pennsylvania Liquor Control Board in the Lawrence administration; Joseph Lawler, Secretary of Highways in the Leader administration, now chairman of the Pennsylvania Turnpike Commission; John Rice, former chairman of the state committee, and Matthew McCloskey, once fund-raising chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

The other delegates at large, and the sixty-nine alternate delegates at large, are mostly county chairmen, state legislators, secondary labor leaders, job holders in Thomas Minehart's or Grace Sloan's Harrisburg offices, or businessmen whose contributions, presumably, have entitled them to a space on the convention floor. All in all, the appointed delegates compose a force under the command of the Democratic powers-that-be in Pennsylvania. And they are selected, especially the alternates who may have a lot of free time on their hands in Chicago, not only for their voting fidelity but for their lobbying capacities among the

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108 delegates elected at the April primary on a Congressional District basis.

Here a word about arithmetic is in order; being political arithmetic it is a little complicated. The Democratic National Committee has a formula for assigning to each state the number of delegate votes and the maximum number of delegates who may cast those votes. Early in January, Pennsylvania was assigned 130 votes and a maximum of 160 voting delegates. (The maximum total delegation, alternates included, was set at 290.) The National Committee lets each state committee decide whether the allocation of votes shall be on a "Congressional District, at-large or other basis." The decision in Pennsylvania was to appoint fifty-two delegates at large, forty-two having full vote and ten a half vote each. Four delegates were to be elected, according to Pennsylvania law, from each of the state's twenty-seven Congressional Districts. Therefore, a mere eighty-one convention votes would somehow have to be distributed among the 108 elected delegates. I am not sure just how the full and half votes are distributed among the appointed and elected delegates, but I am confident that it is done thoughtfully and by the same people who thoughtfully appointed the delegates at large.

Of the 100 delegates elected on April 23, twenty-four ran as supporters of McCarthy. These twenty-four were among a total of ninety-three delegates in twenty-one of the twenty-seven electoral districts who identified themselves with McCarthy in their campaigns. The disparity between the popular vote for McCarthy and the relatively small number of McCarthy delegates elected seems puzzling, but really is not. It is a result which the "system" is almost bound to produce.

The names of the candidates for the Presidency and of the candidates for the party convention appear as two separate ballot items. There is no indication on the ballot that a particular delegate candidate will, if elected, represent a particular candidate for the Presidency. The chances are that many voters who cast preferential ballots for McCarthy on April 23 believed that this in itself had a nominating significance; all unknowing, they may well have voted for organization delegates or, since the delegate names are at the tail end of the ballot, skipped the delegate voting altogether. (The total vote cast for delegates was about one-third less than the total vote cast and written in for Presidential candidates.) Thus eighty-four of the 108 elected delegates are, like the appointed delegates at large, mostly guaranteed organization folks: county chairmen, vice chairmen, committeemen, committeewomen, county and state job holders, and so forth. Some of them at primary time may have been inclined toward Kennedy. Twelve, at any rate, according to McCarthy's state campaign committee, have promised to support the Minnesota Senator at convention, and the committee hopes to persuade about nine more to do the same before the first nominating ballot is taken on August 26. Even if this optimistic prediction is realized, it will still leave Humphrey with more than two-thirds of the delegate votes from a state where McCarthy—figuring votes conveniently uncounted and write-ins at the Republican primary—probably was the Presidential choice of more than a half million Pennsylvanians.

Of course there is always the possibility that *something will happen* to change or upset the present calculations of those in charge of the Democratic Party of Pennsylvania. But it appears now that even the danger of losing the state to the Republicans in November—which would mean that one autocratic political organization had triumphed over another—seems less frightening a prospect to the Democratic professionals than losing the party organization to the fresh and energetic people who would become deeply involved if McCarthy were the candidate. My guess is that, rather than support or vote for Humphrey, such people will join the more than 2 million eligible Pennsylvania voters who are unregistered in any party—a bloc equal to the registered voters of each major political party. This strikes me as the most significant political fact in Pennsylvania. This and the July polls, showing that George Wallace's potential Pennsylvania vote in November has climbed to 16 per cent of the estimated total—and is still climbing.

STUDENTS OF NEW PALTZ

A Nice Little Revolution

WADE THOMPSON
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New Paltz, N.Y., is an ancient and tiny community (3,000) nestled in the mid-Hudson valley, halfway between Albany and New York City, just beyond the range of commuters to either city. Its chief attraction consists of a number of old stone houses built by early Huguenot settlers, and its chief desire in life is to retain a kind of old-stone attitude toward everything beyond its town limits. Right in the center of this quaint community there is a huge branch of the State University of New York—so huge indeed that whenever school is in session, the population is more than doubled. Many of the students come from the hippie and yippie sections of New York City, and have learned to wear tribal costumes which quite bedazzle the burghers of New Paltz. The burghers, in turn, wear tribal costumes which quite bedazzle the students.

This, then, is the improbable setting for a revolution—college style, 1968—which took place during the past school year. It didn't quite match Columbia's in convulsiveness, nor the Sorbonne's in profundity but it came close. It began, naturally, with the war in Vietnam. From

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the very outset of the school year, it was apparent that hundreds of students were failing to see any point to the war, and some of them were getting downright nasty about the matter. In order to explain the benefits of the war to the students, the local Congressman, Joseph Y. Resnick, agreed to engage in public debate with Dave Dellinger, editor of *Liberation* and eloquent spokesman for peace. Congressman Resnick had been to South Vietnam, where he had noticed several things that had escaped other visitors. He had noticed, for example, that the military picture was splendid, that our fighting men were happy and raring to go, that General Westmoreland had a realistic grip on the situation, and that it would take only another year to get the whole job mopped up. "We are winning this war and winning it big," he announced joyously—to the most incredulous audience I'm sure he had ever seen.

I don't propose to go into bloody and unpleasant detail. Suffice it to say that Congressman Resnick departed New Paltz abruptly, and hasn't been seen here since. Nobody expects him, either. Every time he's asked what happened in New Paltz, he can only sputter something about how biased the moderator was. (Resnick has a point here: I was moderator on that occasion, and could not contain myself. Accordingly I have given up moderating for good.) But the latest and best word is that Resnick has given up politics for good.

No sooner had Resnick been routed than the peaceniks decided to take to the streets. You must understand that the streets of New Paltz are not the kind of things you take to lightly. Believe it or not, New Paltz has a Village Ordinance (#538, a) which prohibits any person from participating in any public assembly whatsoever without first getting permission from the town clerk. Never in its 278-year history has a single citizen of this village been known to protest the slightest thing—much less a war—on the sacred streets of New Paltz. And so help me, even today the village attorney is prepared to advise anyone that, if he *must* protest the war, he should do so on private property where he will not make a public spectacle of himself.

Backed by their ordinance, the village fathers threatened the peaceniks with wholesale arrests if they tried any monkey business. The American Civil Liberties Union valiantly tried to explain to the fathers that there *was* such a thing as a Constitution, and that even people in New Paltz were supposed to live by it. Hell no, said the fathers. Hell yes, said the ACLU. Finally, on a dark day last November, under an ominous sky, a tense and stealthy band of outcasts—twenty-one in all—gathered at high noon, directly opposite the Huguenot Bank, hoisted their picket signs (saying PEACE NOW), and began a vigil. And down the street about two minutes later came the Mayor of New Paltz himself, leading a contingent of New Paltz's Finest, and all keyed up for the greatest arrest since the last roundup of Redcoats. I was in charge of the demonstrators on that occasion, and I could not believe, until the very last moment, that we would actually be arrested. But damned if we weren't. Not only that, we had to gouge out more than $1,000 for bail. It's like, man, they really crack down on crime in the streets around these parts.

The District Attorney of Ulster County, charged with the task of prosecuting, went almost cross-eyed trying to figure out what to do. A rational man with some grasp of the law, he had conjectured that Village Ordinance (#538, a) might be unconstitutional under a line of Supreme Court cases stretching from here to out of sight. But how explain that to the voters? If you do prosecute you'll surely lose, and if you don't, those damn peaceniks just might sue the village for false arrest. Oh Lord, give me a sign.

Just as the D.A. was scanning the horizon for a sign, the community of New Paltz sustained another terrible jolt. The police on Long Island had staged a middle-of-the-night dope raid on the students of Stony Brook (also a branch of the State University) and had done it with such slam-bang, cloutish melodrama that hackles were raised all over the nation. Immediately, rumors began roaring around New Paltz that we were about to get the same treatment. Lots of students here experiment with drugs—primarily marijuana, if you call that a drug—and the suspicion that the fuzz is about to roust you from bed at 3 o'clock in the morning is paranoia-inducing, to say the least.

Hoping to alleviate the situation, I wrote a mild letter to the student newspaper, in which I said that (a) the raid on Stony Brook was disgraceful; (b) cops are a lot bigger problem than pot, which probably doesn't hurt anybody; (c) laws against pot are unenforceable, the stuff being just too plentiful (bales of it, I said, are available right on Main Street in New Paltz).

As it turned out, no police raid, comparable to the one at Stony Brook, took place in New Paltz. Maybe none had been scheduled; more likely, the police were afraid that, with the students alerted, they would not be able to come up with a respectable amount of contraband. But the blood pressure of the entire mid-Hudson valley rose ominously. Newspapers in Poughkeepsie, Newburgh, Middletown and Kingston began calling for action against that guy who was baling marijuana on Main Street. The village fathers—already apprehensive about their security after that disastrous arrest—first ordered the police department to equip itself with MACE (honestly!), and then wrote to the president of the college demanding that *something be done*. Hundreds of parents had their worst fears confirmed: college professors *do* give aid and comfort to the enemy; they *do* encourage riots in the street, and now *dope addiction!* The screws on the D.A. were given another powerful twist.

Meanwhile the faculty at New Paltz had become alarmed by something known as the Hershey memorandum—a public directive from Gen. Lewis B. Hershey advising draft boards, in effect, to use the draft as a club against student troublemakers, and to hell with due process. This meant that whenever a military recruiter came on campus, his very presence would place any number of protesting students under a threat of punitive draft reclassification, even if the students were exercising their legal rights. What to do?

The obvious move was to ban all military recruiting on campus until the Hershey memorandum was withdrawn. And to the eternal honor and glory of higher education in

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New Paltz, the faculty perceived the obvious. (If you think that doesn't represent progress, you don't know modern academia.) The faculty petitioned for an immediate halt to all military recruiting, and one faculty member even announced publicly that if we didn't stop the recruiting, "this college would not have the moral integrity of an old whore."

Guess what happened? For years this old whore of a college had yielded herself supinely to the depredations of her military-industrial clientele—"servicing the community," she called it. But now old Alma Mater rose, and announced in a quavering voice to an unbelieving mid-Hudson valley audience that she indeed would refuse to service her military clientele as long as they threatened her own true sons.

And for a few days this seemed to be the best college in the best of all possible worlds. But then about a week later, for reasons never explained, the old whore flopped right back into bed. Who knows what pressures were used to get her back? Whatever they were, they worked. When the next recruiters came, they appeared not to notice that the slightest thing had happened. And the sons of Alma Mater wept for shame.

But not for long. Even if we couldn't get the recruiters ousted, we could still do something. Back to the streets. And this time there would be no dillydallying with nutty ordinances or threats of MACE. The streets were just as much ours as anybody's, and we intended to use them. At two o'clock in the afternoon of April 27, the villagers stared aghast to see Sheriff Martin and the whole New Paltz police force politely escorting hundreds—yes, hundreds—of peaceniks up and down the sacred streets of New Paltz. At the head of the parade was this writer carrying an American flag, and behind the flag were dozens of signs—some calling for an end to the war, others calling for black liberation. The revolution was finally getting into gear.

Three weeks later it reached a climax. This time the students—a thousand strong—conducted a sudden uprising that forced the whole State University to reel back as though it had just got hit by a whiff of MACE. Doubtless inspired by their compeers at Columbia and the Sorbonne, as well as by local action, our rebels decided that they had had their fill of shadow democracy. To get their muscles in shape, they decided first to overturn their current student government—a milk-run operation, said "government" having been more or less quislingesque in composition.

Then they went after the big, real-life government. They invaded official meetings. Students at New Paltz actually intruded themselves upon meetings that were duly convened to deliberate upon official college policies! They did so, not quite obstreperously, but yet not so demurely that they could be dismissed. They demanded a voice. And they demanded it in such a way as to convey the unmistakable message that if they didn't get it, they would have to be dispersed by force.

Surprisingly enough, the strategy worked (very much aided, incidentally, by a hunger strike on the part of one Roger Knapp). It didn't work perfectly because, for one thing, there was no concrete symbol (like Columbia's gymnasium) that everybody could point to and say "shame, shame." For another thing, the students had waited too long before starting their action; the school year was almost over. (Much as I sympathized with them, I advised against anything extralegal: there was no time, and too much danger of losing everything.) On the whole, though, the uprising accomplished quite a bit. The State University conceded the big point: henceforth the students at New Paltz shall have a major voice in the policy decisions of the college—including the hiring and firing of faculty. Not bad for a minor revolution. And in a couple of weeks, the students will be back, with who knows what further surprises for the burghers of New Paltz?

HARRY GOLDEN

MY father came from the little town of Mikulinca in Galitzia, a province in the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, now Poland. After emigrating to America—and until the advent of Hitler—he never lost touch with the relatives he left behind. He wrote them with a punctuality Emily Post would have admired.

When he forgot the addresses, he used to describe the location of the house. "Four streets in from the river, two houses up from the police station." (One of the ways I came to realize that there was a relationship between different languages was by guessing that *Polizei* meant police.) Not one of those letters ever went astray. Nor did either my father or his correspondents dream they ever would. Mail had a sanctity.

Veteran postal workers remember when Italian immigrants used to send home gold. These workmen would purchase gold dust or ingots, the weight and destination revealing the contents. The Italians sent gold to Genoa or Palermo where it was banked for their retirement. I suspect Mussolini put a fast end to these dreams, though the packages unfailingly reached their destination.

But now I read in this age of jets and superservice that we are not to get properly addressed, innocent letters and bills. Congress is balking at the appropriation the Postmaster General has requested. As a consequence, Marvin Watson, who runs the postal system, has ordered 347 small stations to close up, and has informed the tenants of new building complexes that they will have to pick their

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mail up at the post office. There will be no deliveries for any of us on Saturday and for a great many of us no deliveries on Friday either.

This government will subsidize everything except the letter. The South is virtually a federal preserve with the money that flows in for the soil bank, for the dairyman, for the peanut farmer, for the cotton grower. A man who owns an oil well is excused from taxation by way of the oil depletion allowance. But our elected representatives are chary about appropriating the money so that we can get our mail.

Frenchmen enjoy four mail deliveries a day. Not to get his daily mail is inconceivable to a Romanian. Disturbed cynics the world over write to the editor or the deputy or the commissar. Getting a letter is a kind of minor Christmas for the folks. It is true that bills also come in the mail, but the really bad news invariably arrives by telephone or telegraph.

The tragic aspect to the whole situation can be summed up by reminding the constituency that some of the towns that will have to surrender their post offices are Adamant, Vt.; New Russia, N.Y.; Seven Mills Ford, Va.; and Ninepoints, Pa. Think of the postmarks that have surprised and delighted people the world over during the many years when the United States had what might be called a postal service.

Guns, Congress and the Networks

MAURINE CHRISTOPHER
Mrs. Christopher is radio and television editor of Advertising Age.

Some of the best admen in the country have been putting their skills to work on a radio-TV-press campaign to stir up the public support needed to force a meaningful gun-control law out of Congress this session. These image makers, adroit at consumer persuasion, are having much less success convincing Congressmen that the United States needs a strong national firearms law or inducing the TV networks to sell them time.

All the polls, particularly those taken after this country's two 1968 assassinations, indicate that Americans by a large percentage want gun legislation, but Congress continues to talk of the citizen's constitutional right to arm himself, and is acutely aware of the sportsman's paranoia about having his rifle taken from him and of the danger of passing legislation in a time of high emotion.

Nor has the public outcry for closer supervision of guns much impressed the television networks. The broadcasters, operating "publicly owned" air waves, have been criticized for their willingness to make instant celebrities out of such raucous figures as Stokely Carmichael and Rap Brown. They have been less eager to give a platform to spaceman John Glenn, the official spokesman for the Emergency Committee for Gun Control. This committee was organized by a group of prominent citizens, who think 6,500 gun killings a year are too many.

In New York, the firm of Papert, Koenig, Lois, which handles Piel's beer, Dash detergent and National Airlines, and which was the agency for Robert Kennedy's campaign in the primaries, is coordinating the drive for the emergency committee on a volunteer, public-service basis. The Columbia Broadcasting System, American Broadcasting Company, and the National Broadcasting Company have all turned down Papert's order for five minutes of paid time during which Colonel Glenn would present the case for gun control to the American people.

C.B.S. told the agency it does not sell time for controversial issues. A.B.C., which feared the National Rifle Association might ask for equal time, held that the topic had already been covered adequately in talk and news shows. N.B.C. said it wouldn't sell less than fifteen minutes for a program of this nature. All the chains have taken similar positions before on matters of bitter controversy.

Papert, Koenig, Lois has been disappointed by the sparsity of free public-service spots devoted to the campaign by radio and TV. Nor have newspapers been liberal with free space. But the agency has had no trouble buying space in the press. Full pages have run or will run in *The New York Times, The Washington Post,* and in papers in Indiana, Missouri and Nebraska. Messages in the last three states are aimed at three of the most outspoken opponents of gun legislation—Sens. Roman Hruska, Edward Long and Birch Bayh. "You say you want stronger gun-control laws, but have you said it to Senator Bayh?" one headline asked.

As the lines of opposition hardened in Congress, the ads became more belligerent. On a day the House debated the Administration bill with its 100 amendments, a *Washington Post* ad signed by students warned of retaliation at the polls. "It's not now or never. It's now or November." Congressmen may have read it, but they weren't moved. The vote against licensing guns was by a 2-to-1 margin. The outlook is equally gloomy in the Senate where a strong Tydings bill was emasculated by amendments in committee. Nothing is hoped for now—except possibly the extension of the mail-order sales ban to cover long guns.

Part of the impetus for the use of advertising skills to help reduce the gun slaughter comes from *Advertising Age,* the biggest journal in the field, which has never before taken a position of leadership in an area outside advertising and merchandising. The paper obviously feels that domestic peace is essential to business health, and has called on the media of the country to join an all-out effort to make Congress act.

The newspaper has served as a clearinghouse for hard-hitting, shock-approach ads prepared by four volunteers from North Advertising in Chicago. Most of the ads include this tag line: "Write your Senator . . . while you still

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have a Senator." More than 500 requests for the ads have come in from newspapers, radio stations, business papers, company house sheets, newsletters, universities and outdoor poster companies. Among the magazines expected to run some of the ads are *Ladies' Home Journal, Coronet, Teen Screen* and *Catholic Transcript.*

No backing came from the richest trade group in the field—The American Association of Advertising Agencies. Its president, John Crichton, said the organization had no official policy on guns and there were "other parts of the problem of violence where agencies might be more effective." Howard Bell, the new president of the American Advertising Federation, a grass-roots group with 40,000 members, urged ad clubs throughout the country to support the drive and individual members to write their Congressmen.

In a related development, the TV networks, their major sponsors and their ad agencies have been consulting one another on the matter of excessive violence on TV. When violence and slam-bang action comes under heavy criticism from Washington or elsewhere, telecasters perforce agree that there has been a heady dose of this type of fare, but they always insist that no one has proved any relationship between violence on the home screen and the increasing unrest in the streets, particularly among the young.

The first tangible evidence of their new concern was the rescheduling of shows considered unsuitable for viewing in the raw-nerved days following the murder of a murdered President's brother. A.B.C. postponed two assassination stories—one on the *Flying Nun* and the other on *Big Valley*—and an "unusually violent" episode of *The Avengers.* C.B.S. switched episodes of *Wild, Wild West, Gunsmoke* and *Cimarron Strip,* as did N.B.C. with *Get Smart, Mothers-In-Law, Tarzan, Bonanza, High Chaparral* and *The Champions.*

Advertisers advised their agencies to check scripts more closely for unnecessary physical violence and some scripts were revamped. In no case, however, did any advertiser attempt to cancel contracts for the blood-and-breakage strips set for fall; nor did the networks drop any of the violent series from their 1968-69 line-up. Hard-hitting action is still the single biggest ingredient in the new season's pot—with almost half the offerings at A.B.C. and N.B.C. falling into the crime-spy-space-Western-action-adventure category. Titles are not available for the seven weekly feature movies, but some of them are sure to develop violent conflict.

Long before the deaths of Martin Luther King, Jr., and Senator Kennedy, many parents and video critics had protested the knock-'em, sock-'em Saturday morning network cartoon strips. Come fall, all the networks promise to move toward lighter stories stressing "more positive aspects of behavior," as one source put it. Off the network screen—but probably into local syndication—will go such combative heroes as Atom Ant, Secret Squirrel and Cool McCool, the secret agent.

Network censors are cracking down on shooting in commercials. Three of four gun close-up scenes were taken out of a Master Lock Company spot on C.B.S.-TV's Ed Sullivan show. In the one that was retained, the original film showed a gun being fired toward the screen and talked about the owner of the .45-caliber pistol. In the approved version, the gun fires into the lock to demonstrate how well it holds up under such a blast.

Picha—The Special, Belgium

Faced with the growing tendency to associate television with the general American unrest, the National Association of Broadcasters, through its board, passed a resolution defending TV's handling of the riots: "Along with all media, TV must continue to present the world as it is, not as we might like it to be." The board reaffirmed its stated code policy against the "depiction of violence as a means to dramatic effect for family viewing," and ordered the code authority to intensify its surveillance of dramatic program content.

This order had a meaningless ring. The code authority, with its small staff, has traditionally confined its scrutiny primarily to commercials. It never has had and does not now have a procedure for pre-screening entertainment programs. When a former code director, who was concerned by the amount of blatant sex and violence on TV—particularly on some feature movies which were made for theatres—sought to check shows in advance, two of the three networks refused to cooperate with the boss of the industry group to which they all subscribe. If the mood of violence in time subsides, TV will be able to take little credit for the improved atmosphere.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Brecht vs. Brecht: His Reception in Poland

ANDRZEJ WIRTH
Mr. Wirth is a Polish drama critic, currently visiting professor in the Drama Department of Stanford University. One of his books is The Structure of Brecht's Plays *(in Polish).*

An analysis of the reception of the work of Bertolt Brecht in the East and West reveals a paradoxical situation. For the West, Brecht's political views were questionable—his literary originality, on the other hand, fascinating. For the East, Brecht's aesthetics were questionable; while his ideology and political reputation could be more easily accepted, though not without some reservation. That Brecht was accepted at all, however, filled a gap between Western and Eastern intellectuals. With the help of Brecht, the East examined the concepts of social realism and formalism, and the West understood that political commitment can also have an aesthetic advantage, paving the way for the recognition of such writers as Rolf Hochhuth and Peter Weiss.

Shortly before his death Brecht complained that in East Germany his plays were presented almost exclusively on his Berliner Ensemble stage. This was not true for Poland where even plays not yet performed in East Germany had been produced—including the world première of his play *Schweik in the Second World War.* In Poland Brecht soon became an integrated element of the national culture. But first he had been made fit for "domestic use."

The Polish theatre encountered Brecht in 1952, during the peak of the Stalinist period when the Berliner Ensemble visited Warsaw with three plays. These were *Mother Courage, The Mother* and Kleist's *The Broken Pitcher.* For the Polish theatre, which had become paralyzed by the use of Stanislavski's naturalistic doctrines, this visit was a revelation: within the framework of *officially* accepted art, greater possibilities seemed to exist. The visit provoked a heated discussion of Brecht's work, with the official criticism taking a strong stand against him, designating him an expressionist-symbolist-pacifist. There was no need to strive for a precise definition of these concepts; they were considered interchangeable invectives. "Suspicious" aspects of his work were denounced immediately as so-called "formalism," although the function of these formal elements in Brecht's plays weren't understood.

A few critics courageously interceded for Brecht, recognizing from the very beginning that he would have a shattering effect on the too narrowly confined aesthetic rules of the Zhdanov poetics. These people, however, had no influence on the centrally controlled cultural policy. The discussion was officially ended with the edict: Brecht on stage does not represent the art of Socialist realism. It is significant that this criticism "from the Left" remained completely indifferent to the working-class content of Brecht's works. The objective function of the leftist and rightist criticism proved identical! The rightist criticism was prepared to accept Brecht's style, but remained aloof to his social criticism and revolutionary tendencies. The leftist criticism accepted, not without hesitation, Brecht's ideas but not his specific adaptations and style. In both cases Brecht was either neutralized or rejected.

Two years had to pass before it was possible for Brecht's followers in Poland to stage his plays. In 1954 *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* opened in Cracow. It was, however, still a time when as harmless a sentence of Brecht's as "New plays have new forms," sounded like a provocation.

In the first phase of his reception, 1954-1956, Brecht was used as proof that the contradiction between tendentious and independent thinking could be overcome; a recognition of immense importance for the arts and politics in Poland. At the same time Brechtian theatre became a new form to be mastered in order to undermine the Zhdanov aesthetics.

In these productions—*The Caucasian Chalk Circle* in Cracow, *Puntila and his Servant Matti* in Gdingen, and *The Good Woman of Setzuan, Schweik in the Second World War,* and *Fear and Misery of the Third Reich* in Warsaw—the most important factor was the mastery of the new method of acting. However, dominating the form also brought about a recognition of new problems with regard to content, calling for an expansion of the tightly laid down aesthetic rules of Socialist realism. The dilemma became apparent: how to arrive at one's own mode of expression *within* the strict framework of Brecht's aesthetic orthodoxy?

The dilemma was solved very well in Cracow. The director, Irene Babel, strove for mastery of the alienation-effect method of acting. The set designer, however, ignored the directions of the model for a stylized Georgian milieu, transferred the action of the play to the Polish Tatra Mountains, and furnished it with motifs from the local folklore. Thus the action no longer took place in Caucasia but somewhere in the vicinity of Cracow in legendary times. Here we have an example for an imaginative interpretation of the model, which still left the interpreter freedom for his original expression. Brecht afterward deemed this extension of the model legitimate.

Brecht's concept of indirect didacticism was also new to the Polish stage. Didacticism in the Zhdanov form of Socialist realism used the direct method, demonstrated the conclusions of a thinking process, and considered the audience to be passive consumers of the teaching. Brecht's methodology directly contradicted Zhdanov's realism and in this the Polish theatre found hope. Brecht saved the Polish theatre from ideological and artistic paralysis. Without meaning to, he played the role of a Trojan horse which Poland knew how to use in the fight against the rigid rules of Zhdanov realism.

The second phase of Brecht's reception beginning in 1956 was a period of spontaneous reception of Western art. Brecht was no longer the only representative of innovation in the theatre. Since this was a time of re-evaluation of the compulsory values of Stalinism and a time in which the masses were able to openly express discontent, Brecht's plays became a *score* (in the musical sense) for the attitudes of the day. Long restrained dissatisfactions sought possibilities of expression in various art forms, including the theatre, where if no new texts were available, existing works were employed to express political tensions.

In Wroclaw (Breslau) Jakob Rotbaum's production of *The Threepenny Opera* sharpened the social criticism of the play by using *The Threepenny Novel* as a quasi-commentary for the opera. This procedure weakened the satiric-parodistic character of the opera, and shifted the accent from the typical to the individual. But the reception to the performance proved that the fanatic and stern Peachum, and the clever specialist for legal murder, Macheath, were no longer considered historical figures. The song

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in the finale ("Erst kommt das Fressen, dann kommt die Moral," translated in the Blitzstein version as "First Feed the Face, then Talk Right and Wrong") sounded like an attack on the official morality of Stalinism. (Peachum, whose Protestant psychology was difficult to understand in a country with a Catholic tradition, was interpreted as a Stalinist ideologist.) The subject of criticism was the pragmatic humanitarianism of these times, in which a popular official slogan proclaimed: "Fight tuberculosis, since it delays the realization of our Five Year Plan."

In Poznan *The Baden Didactic Piece of Acquiescence* was understood as a commentary on a current discussion about the social costs of the revolution. The official censorship, perhaps rightly considering the difficulties in the meat market of that time, was worried about the sentence: "Our planes fly 150 [*sic*] kilometers an hour, but bread isn't any cheaper for it." The ideological reinterpretation reached a pinnacle: a play demanding a revolution was dangerous for the completed revolution. Brecht obviously hadn't anticipated this effect.

In this period, Brecht was played on almost every Polish stage and became one of the most performed authors, second only to Shakespeare. The center of Brechtian theatre was the Dramatic Theatre (Teatr Dramatczny) in Warsaw, which defined and coined their own style of acting on the basis of Brecht's texts, and provided the *model* productions for other Polish stages.

The final phase in Brecht's reception began in 1959; it still prevails today and is probably the most interesting one. We could call this time in the words of the Polish poet Rozewicz "our little stabilization." In this period Brechtian theatre is no longer understood as a formal model (which had already been mastered), nor as a score for social criticism. In the time of "our little stabilization" Brecht emerged as a new *classical writer*. Brecht's thinking had become universal, his art of acting mastered. Brecht was now being interpreted from the viewpoint of individual experience. Brecht had gained universal value but within the framework of Polish culture. One began to read his texts as *open* texts without bearing in mind Brecht's own orthodox interpretation. It is striking that Brecht's influence is almost completely limited to production techniques and that he has left no traces on modern Polish playwriting.

In his essay *Einschüchterung durch die Klassizität* (Intimidation through a Classicist Attitude) Brecht encouraged directors to adjust the classics to the experience of their own times. He himself offered examples of ruthless adjustments of classic writers with his adaptations of *Antigone*, Lenz's *Hofmeister*, and *Coriolan*. On the other hand, he demanded an orthodox interpretation of his own pieces.

Brecht's work became of aesthetic, no longer of didactic value—another danger which Brecht hadn't anticipated. He had wanted above all to instruct, to propagate a *new* if not a completely pretty concept of the world. In Poland today one speaks of Brecht as of a Shakespeare; *Mother Courage* is analyzed as *The Merchant of Venice* would be. One no longer discusses his concept of the world; this concept appears today simply Brechtian, exactly as Shakespeare's world appears Shakespearean. Arturo Ui and Mother Courage are great roles for great actors, whose right it is to express their own national experience.

The new trend culminated in two important productions in 1962: the Warsaw productions of *Arturo Ui* in the Contemporary Theatre (Teatr Wspolczesny) under Erwin Axer's direction, and *Mother Courage* in the National Theatre (Teatr Narodowy).

A comparison between Helene Weigel as Mother Courage and Irene Eichler in the same role leads to an interesting confrontation. Irene Eichler tries to interpret Brecht from the Polish point of view. She is not the war hyena of Brecht's intention, and as played by Weigel but an indestructible saleswoman, as in the poem of the Polish poet Tuwin. In the moon landscape of the totally annihilated Warsaw this figure appears first in his poem on the ruins of the city, void of people, with the absurd cry: "Come to tea! Come to tea!" Irene Eichler is acting *contrary* to the text in interpreting the canteen woman as a positive figure. At the same time, however, she is acting *with*—not against Brecht—in that she is an allusion to figures in other Brecht plays, to Schweik, Matti, Azdak, Galy Gay and to Baal's vitality.

Like Herr Keuner, the anti-heroic hero of Brecht's aphorisms, Eichler's Mother Courage decides to survive violence and the war with her children. She decides to survive on the smallest scale of a *folk-hero* who has been overcome by superior power. She is a black-market dealer, but she feels like a folk heroine. She appeals to the specific experience of the last occupation of Poland, the time in which smuggling food was punished by death, and chooses the heroism of dealing on the black market as a *method* of survival, thus playing a positive figure, that of a folk heroine in a time of violence.

Were the limits of the freedom of interpretation exceeded? Is such an interpretation only possible on the basis of *another* text? That was the main problem which was discussed in Poland in 1962 when the Berliner Ensemble presented their second guest performance after an absence of ten years.

That discussion resulted in the view that one must arrive at the same conclusions about Brecht at which he himself arrived in viewing the classics. Brecht had made intimidation by the classics appear ridiculous; he had called for changing the function of the classics in accordance with the times. Why should Brecht be spared the fate that the classic writers from Shakespeare to Schiller and Lenz experienced? The new criticism of Brecht resulted paradoxically from the confrontation of Brecht *with* Brecht.

NIGHT LETTER

Dear ancient liberal:
how remote you are by my side at night.

Too worn to rage against a war,
you lie so huddled in your dreaming,

as if you made revisions in your heart
you do not wish me or your self to fathom.

Yet when I think of our lives tonight,
falling in rings of appled light,

our own dark wet walks for peace,
the children gone, the phones quiet, this weird release,

the sun embalmed on their empty beds,
our meals brief (complaining to the cat instead);

I'm not unhappy in my reticence,
or in the distances we've learned to keep.

Hell, that's always love: one sleeping,
and one awake forever.

MARTHA FRIEDBERG

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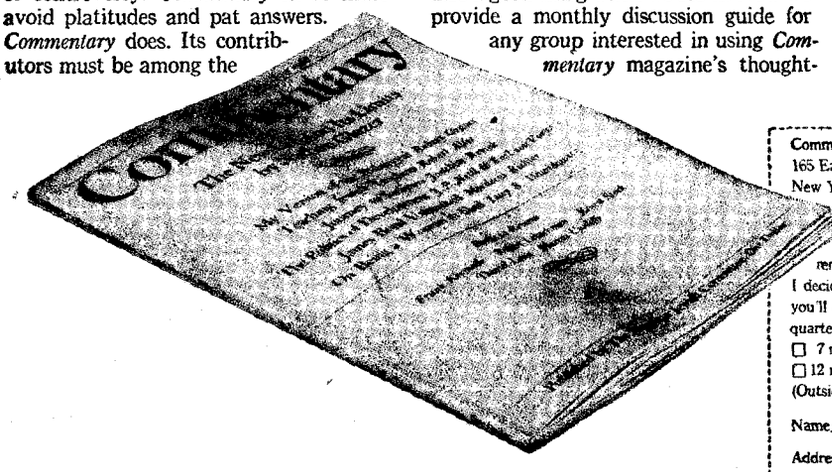

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Today we do not have one Brecht but many different Brechts. There is Vilar's French *Ui*, Lomnicki's Polish *Ui* and Schall's German model of *Ui*. There is a French *Mother Courage* played by Montero, the Polish *Mother Courage* by Eichler, and the model *Mother Courage* of Weigel. The universal character of Brechtian art finds expression in the multiplicity of the various national interpretations.

Only yesterday, Brecht was for us the philosopher presenting an ideological proposal for the art of socialism; today he has become a dramatist. Not for the first time has the theatre proved itself capable of living longer than the ideology of an author.

Revolution of Merit

THE ACADEMIC REVOLUTION. *By Christopher Jencks and David Riesman. Doubleday & Co. 580 pp. $10.*

ALLEN LACY
Mr. Lacy teaches philosophy at Kirkland College, a new women's college coordinate with Hamilton College.

In *The Academic Revolution* Christopher Jencks and David Riesman have undertaken the enormous task of writing a historical and sociological analysis of American higher education. On most counts, they have succeeded in their undertaking. *The Academic Revolution* is a delightful book, observant, richly detailed, and larded with grace and wit. It is also an important book, one which will probably shape for years to come both the academy's consciousness of itself and the larger society's understanding of its educational institutions.

As Jencks and Riesman describe it, the present educational establishment in America is, in its higher reaches at least, the product of a successful and fortunate revolution. The value-preferences of the great universities (and of their subluminary colleges) are meritocratic. Local and parochial concerns; traditional eccentricities inherited by particular institutions; accidents of geography, sex, religion, ethnicity and social class—all these things Jencks and Riesman see as subordinate to one overriding purpose: identifying, admitting, and eventually certifying students of potential achievement. The universities see themselves as gateways to success and prestige, and since their self-image is accepted fairly uncritically by the general population, it becomes an authentic fact.

It was not always thus. In an earlier day, institutions of higher learning worshiped other gods than the gods of merit and ability. The early college in America was largely a pillar (more decorative than functional) of society at large. With the Jacksonian era, colleges proliferated recklessly as instruments of various special-interest groups, thus expressing developing subcultures within American life, and serving their values, whether local, religious or ethnic. A college professor was not, until fairly recent times, a man with "a mission transcending the college where he happened to teach"; he was, rather, an employee of a local shop, whose values he was himself fairly likely to espouse. Furthermore, during the first 100 years of our existence, higher education had very little influence on national life. "Colleges probably played a far smaller role in nineteenth-century America and did far less to define people's attitudes toward themselves or one another than nineteenth-century churches did. . . . Taken as a group the nineteenth-century colleges portrayed in institutional histories strike us as depressing and sterile places."

In their account, Jencks and Riesman identify the American graduate school, from the late 19th century on, as the subverter of the earlier order. Educational institutions change because they fail to attract only those students and faculty who are entirely committed to the instititution's goals . . . or who at least are content to leave these goals unexamined and unchallenged. But with the development of the university graduate school, primarily from the 1890s onward, a powerful force making for change on many campuses was comprised of faculty trained at Chicago or Columbia or Johns Hopkins, and nursing none too secret notions of remaking their employer in the image of one of these national institutions. Furthermore, as graduate school became increasingly the ambition of many undergraduates, a number of undergraduate colleges became transformed into what *The Academic Revolution* calls "university colleges," colleges such as Oberlin and Amherst, "de facto prep schools for a small number of graduate professional schools." Thus even though much of the educational framework of earlier years was preserved, its substance was changed from within by agents (often agents unaware) of the meritocratic values of the graduate schools.

The "revolution" of which the authors speak is the transformation of older special-interest institutions as a result of forces flowing from the graduate professional schools. To this transformation Jencks and Riesman trace much that is good in American higher education. College faculties today, even undergraduate faculties, are far superior to their predecessors in both training and interest. "Today's BA's know more," they write, "than their predecessors in any earlier era." They are better prepared when they enter, and they learn more during their undergraduate days, in part because the tone of academic life is increasingly set by those students who desire to prove sufficient academic competence to enter graduate school. Furthermore, there are broad human benefits, as well as strictly academic ones, flowing from the revolution: the emancipation of the young, for one, and great increased social mobility, for another.

Not all of the effects of the revolution, and of the subsequent hegemony of the graduate school, are benign, of course. Riesman and Jencks fault the separation of the scholar's work from his life, the occasional marked inflexibilities of departmental and disciplinary structures of organization, the common neglect of effective pedagogy in favor of sometimes arid scholarship, and the brash colonialism and imperialism of graduate schools toward the undergraduate colleges in their own universities, to name several of their criticisms. Still, they are on the whole confident of the system, and they believe that its more grievous failures can be remedied by minor tinkering—by instituting, for example, postgraduate internships in teaching, and by setting up programs whereby students can be encouraged to take their undergraduate and graduate training in different fields, through an intermediate year of study between the A.B. and the professional degree.

In almost every way, *The Academic Revolution* is a valuable reference for the development of American society in the 20th century. The chapters on Roman Catholic colleges and Negro colleges alone are sufficient to establish the book's importance. If read with Riesman's earlier *Constraint and Variety in American Education*, it provides a good basis for comprehending the transition from the 1950s to the 1960s. (Many of the themes developed in the later book are present in the earlier, even if the ambience is strikingly different: *Constraint and Variety* was written in 1956, when academic prophets were bewailing the passivity and conformity of college undergraduates, their uncritical willingness to accept their parents' goals for themselves and to substitute the cultivation of personal relationships for social and political concerns!)

One may question, however, the complete adequacy of *The Academic Revolution* as a handbook for the present

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moment. It may well be that the immediate future development of the American university will be discontinuous with much of the past. Riots are neither panty raids nor pep rallies, but there is very little in this book about the present turmoil on American campuses . . . for obvious reasons: one must, after all, stop writing a book at *some* point in order to send it to the printer. In fact, except for occasional comments near the ends of chapters, there is very little reflection on events since Berkeley.

It is very clear, in any case, that once the students have ransacked the president's files, smoked his cigars and drunk his sherry, things can never quite be the same again. Jencks and Riesman view the university from a rather confident stance: to read their book in one sitting is rather like reading all the back issues of the *Bulletin of the American Association of University Professors* for the past ten years. But the most formative force in American education today is probably not the AAUP but SDS, even if indirectly. Recently, a high official in one of our largest state universities told a group of faculty that the single question on his mind was what he should do when his office was occupied by 1,300 bearded revolutionaries. His concern, so alien to the 1950s, is not today pointless. (And just recently, a friend, teaching in a small teachers' college in rural Virginia, told me that *his* president believed that "the next Columbia will take place in my office." His concern, of course, is unwarranted, since the school in question is rather near the end of the academic procession, attracts uniformly docile young ladies of minimal revolutionary skills, and is thus no doubt near the bottom of whatever list SDS may keep of possible candidates for confrontation. Still his opinion is instructive, and his unfounded fear indicates that there are elements in the present academic situation in need of more examination than they receive from Jencks and Riesman.)

THE CENTENNIAL REVIEW

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A Blast at Everyone

THE RICH AND THE SUPER-RICH. *By Ferdinand Lundberg. Lyle Stuart. 812 pp. $12.50.*

G. WILLIAM DOMHOFF

Mr. Domhoff teaches at the University of California, Santa Cruz. He is the author of Who Rules America? *(Prentice-Hall), co-editor and contributor to* C. Wright Mills and The Power Elite *(Beacon Press), and is at present working on a book of essays to be published by Random House on the American power structure.*

As a researcher who has just written a book that covers the same ground and comes to much the same conclusion (but who still learned a lot from this one), and as a reader who enjoys in others bombast, sarcasm and polemic, I very much liked Ferdinand Lundberg's belated second book on America's big rich, and I heartily recommend it to anyone with the time, patience and disposition to make it through 812 pages of raw data, biting humor and purple prose. For those lacking one of these requisites, the first and last chapters will suffice: the book could have been shorter and better organized.

After an unforgivable thirty-year absence from the topic (during which time he could have been fighting the good fight for the views put forth in his *America's Sixty Families* in 1937), Lundberg has reappeared with a vengeance. Now he not only rakes the big rich over the coals; he also takes out after C. Wright Mills (who was a little unfair to Lundberg in a footnote), Marxists (who love Russia and the masses too uncritically and blame too much on capitalism), academics (who are innocents and apologists, feeding from foundation troughs), and the stupid masses (the suckers, the boobs, the dependent, the handicapped).

The thesis is that the control of this country lies in the hands of a few hundred thousand wealthy families, probably with the 200,000 households (.2 per cent of the total) who hold 22 per cent of the wealth. Lundberg laughs at the "managerial revolution" thesis, piling data upon data and example upon example to show that the big stockholders still control the corporations even if they do not always run them. As for political control, that is accomplished through campaign donations, gifts by lobbyists, and by paying fat retainer fees to the law firms of Congressmen. (Lundberg here relies on journalists and says nasty things about political scientists.)

Mr. Lundberg does not insist that the corporate rich be called a ruling class, even though in one place or another he emphasizes intermarriage, private school attendance, club memberships, a plushy life style and a different psychology (they think they are better than we are) as concomitants of their great wealth. While he finds them generally objectionable as a group, they are not all bad; some are even clever.

But it is not primarily their cleverness that leads to their rulership—they actually rule by default because the masses are too dumb to act in their self-interest. The cleverness of the rich consists in good measure of the ineptitude of the masses. We are so dependent and handicapped that we don't even deserve the vote. Lundberg throws up his hands in dismay: "What can one do for people who believe their true friends are characters like the Reverend Billy Graham, Norman Vincent Peale, Archbishop Fulton Sheen, and Francis Cardinal Spellman?"

For those who are not satisfied with mere description the book contains a detailed indictment of the corporate rich and their feudal system, although it loses a little something by being scattered throughout. Then too, the book's occasional overstatement and hyperbole may allow apologists to call it "unbalanced."

In general, the corporate rich and their corporations fit Edwin Sutherland's definition of habitual criminals, mostly for conspiracy and fraud in business, even to the point of using "mouthpieces" to get off the hook; they have made a joke of the tax structure, putting the burden of their state on the backs of the people; they use their so-called charitable foundations illegally for business purposes and for self-serving projects; they do all sorts of shady things in their dealings with government and politicians; and they use their economic resources for selfish and superficial ends "rather than in socially and humanly needed public directions."

However, since in this space I can't

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say the many things I'd like to about Lundberg's huge book, my comments will have to be unduly selective:

(*1*) He has titillated the believers and perhaps shocked the innocents, but he probably has not won us any new converts from among the skeptics. This is not merely because of the inevitable minor errors and questionable historical interpretations that they will gleefully pounce upon. It is also because they will want more discussion of the "nature" of "power," and more detail on how the corporate rich supposedly control the government. (Analyze a few decisions and show us how they do it.)

Actually, an excellent conceptualization of power is implicit in most of his remarks. In theoretical terms, I think it can be said he usually uses "power" as a "disposition" or "inferential" concept, inferred from certain social indicators—in this case wealth distribution, fancy mansions and the tax structure. Unfortunately, though, he does not always sustain this view, and when he repeatedly says (wrongly, I think) that Harry Truman alone decided to drop the A-bomb, and Lyndon Johnson (with only military advice at best) to escalate the war in Vietnam, he switches to another way of studying power and concedes to his critics the very points they made in rejecting Mills's *The Power Elite*.

(*2*) Lundberg sometimes overemphasizes the few really big wealth holders like the Rockefellers at the expense of the corporate rich as a whole. This plays down the importance of "system" that he elsewhere emphasizes. Louis Auchincloss, for example, is not in my opinion a member of the upper middle class but one millionaire member of a multimillionaire family that interlocks with dozens of old, major and very wealthy families of the ruling class, including the "Greenwich" Rockefellers.

(*3*) Social clubs are not *the* key places where policies are discussed and a measure of consensus reached. They are one part of a system that includes corporate boards, foundations and a set of institutional links to the government that Lundberg does not discuss—e.g., the Council on Foreign Relations, the Business Advisory Council, The Committee for Economic Development and the Brookings Institution (wherein the corporate rich learn from hired academics and prepare for government service).

(*4*) I am impressed by Lundberg's data on the influence of specific corporations and industries on certain Congressmen, but I think the Executive branch more important and more directly controlled by the biggest and most farseeing cliques within the corporate rich (who have quite a time with the NAM and other cautious—or isolationist—brethren who have influence in Congress). While in places acknowledging corporate rich appointments to the Executive branch, he downplays its importance and concedes it too much independence from them. I believe the Executive branch is indistinguishable in its decision-making personnel from the corporate boards, foundations, associations and institutes noted above, and that various of these corporate rich organizations are intricately and complexly involved in its functioning.

Two quick examples. Lundberg calls the withholding tax a politician's stroke of genius. In fact, it was thought up by Beardsley Ruml of the Council for Economic Development, discussed and agreed upon within CED, and then taken to the government. Nor is it true that no corporate masterminds helped with the New Deal. They did, and in large part through the Committee on Foreign Relations, the American Association for Labor Legislation, the Twentieth Century Fund and the Business Advisory Council, among others.

What is to be done is the question always asked of such a book. Lundberg has one small hope, that the "new class" of experts and intellectuals, imbued as they are with the secular-scientific spirit, and armed as they are with its methodology and technology, will get tired of the mentality of their rich masters and gradually change the system over the next several decades. For myself, I don't know, but I was struck by the author's earlier quote from an ancient Greek concerning whether it is better to grow rich or wise: "Why rich," he said; "for I see the wise men spending their days at the rich men's doors."

'Quick Watson! The Footnote'

THE ANNOTATED SHERLOCK HOLMES. *By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Edited, with introduction, notes and bibliography by William S. Baring-Gould. Clarkson N. Potter. 2 boxed vols. 1513 pp. $25.*

THEODORE ROSZAK
Mr. Roszak teaches British history at California State College at Hayward. His book, The Making of a Counter Culture, *will be published by Doubleday later this year.*

There is a story that during the First World War, when the forces of the Entente were in dire need of expert espionage, a French military attaché appealed to Lloyd George—in all seriousness—to call upon the services of Mr. Sherlock Holmes. If there are any around who think this was a somewhat unrealistic proposal, it is no thanks to the gallant band of Sherlockian scholars who, for more than thirty years now, have been doing battle with the incorrigible skepticism which insists that "the best and wisest man who ever lived" was merely a fictitious character.

Since Christopher Morley inaugurated the "Baker Street Irregulars" in 1934, these engaging pedants have exercized themselves tirelessly to demonstrate the historical authenticity of the four novels and fifty-six short stories which they refer to as the Holmesian "canon" (or Conan). They have filled their own learned journals with articles on "Holmes and the Telephone," "The Cab-Rank in Baker Street," "Holmes as a Bee-Keeper" and "The Medical Career and Capacities of Dr. J. H. Watson." (There is even one rather eccentric effort by Rex Stout which attempts to prove that "Watson Was a Woman.")

They have waged heated debates at chapter meetings as to whether the Sixth Duke of Holdernesse who appears in "The Adventure of the Priory School" was meant to represent the Sixth Duke of Northumberland or the Eighth Duke of Devonshire. (The literature on this point remaining indecisive, there still is room for further research.) They have given us monographs on "The Iconography of Sherlock Holmes" and "Sherlockian Heraldry." They have even provided us with book-length biographies of Holmes and Watson. Under their inspiration, the famous Baker Street sitting room has been preserved in all its cozy detail at the Sherlock Holmes Pub opposite Scotland Yard—along with a library of Holmes's criminological treatises and a small museum of treasures, including the very paw prints of the hound of the Baskervilles, embedded in plaster.

The Annotated Sherlock Holmes is undoubtedly the supreme monument of this antiquarian whimsy. All the stories are there, fully equipped with maps, diagrams, the original pulp magazine engravings, hundreds of photographs of Victorian settings, artifacts, dress and personalities, and copious notes drawing upon the vast body of Holmesiana. Nothing that could be illustrated, elaborated, explained or complicated has been left without its exhaustively conscientious exegesis. The notes review, for example, the nine papers that have been written on Holmes's obscure reference to a Chopin composition in *A Study in Scarlet*—each coming to a different conclu-

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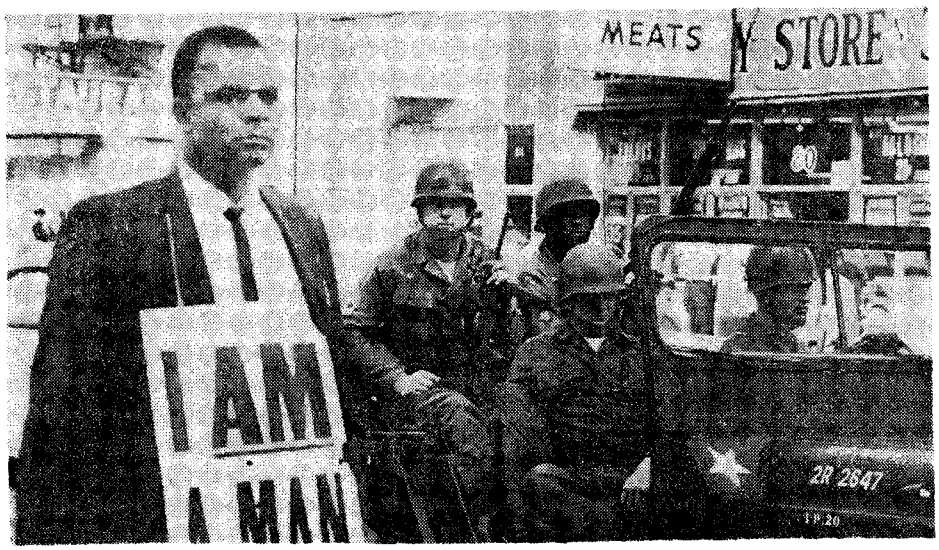

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sion as to the piece the great man had in mind. The 100-page introduction is, as they say in the learned professions, "a magisterial survey of the field": biographical sketches of the Master, Moriarty, Watson and Watson's shadowy collaborator, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; treatises devoted to the Baker Street residence, to Holmes's career on stage, screen and radio, and to the innumerable Holmesian parodies. Thereafter the tales follow in a chronological order painstakingly dated to the day and month. Finally we have the 17-page bibliography of Sherlockian studies—in triple column.

I suppose one could set all this down as one of the more baroque excesses of Pop or camp . . . or some such. But if so, it is the original and longest running manifestation of Pop enthusiasm. Its practitioners refer to it all quite humbly as "the lower criticism." In these handsomely designed volumes, their precious labors make for a grand rereading of all the familiar old stories.

But the delight I find in this mock scholarship is that it turns out to be such an impudent and well-deserved parody of what passes, alas! for "real" scholarship on the academic assembly line. Here, for example, are a few doctoral dissertations recently processed through some of our better universities: "William Egon von Fürstenberg and French Diplomacy in the Rhineland Prior to the Outbreak of the War of the League of Augsberg," "Military Administration in Thirteenth Century England: A Study Emphasizing the Contributions of the Wardrobe in the Wars of Henry III and Edward I, 1216-1307," "Archetypal Elements in the Faerie Queen, with Special Reference to Book Six."

Such is the typical busy-work over which our graduate schools keep the apprentices sweating and fretting. In view of the zest and expertise with which the Sherlockians flourish their pedantic niceties, I am not at all certain why the run-of-the-mill *real* thing that goes on in our academic professions has any greater claim to constituting a "significant contribution to knowledge." And it certainly isn't as much fun to do or read.

The Moderately Content

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST. *By Pamela Hansford Johnson. Charles Scribner's Sons. 468 pp. $6.95.*

GERDA CHARLES

Miss Charles is a British novelist. Her latest work is A Logical Girl. *(Knopf).*

As the man said . . . all criticism in the end is subjective. Bend over backwards as he may, the critic's judgment ultimately depends on whether his personal experience, temperament or vision chimes with that of the artist. A writer who for me possesses this precious, chiming quality is Pamela Hansford Johnson. She notices and tells precisely what I would wish to be noticed and told.

The Survival of the Fittest is a long novel, spanning the last thirty-odd years, but though it traces much of the history of the period it is really a study of a group—in the more enclosed sense of the word. It is a fascinating theme. The group, the gang, our lot . . . how much of human destiny, one wonders, depends on the particular set one chances to find oneself in; college, rooming house, relatives—or simply street? One hard glance at this question is almost enough to make fatalists of us all.

The group in this novel are primarily linked by neighborhood. Two young men grow up together in the narrowly respectable district of Clapham in South London. It is a region of Edwardian suburbia already beautifully conveyed in an earlier novel, *An Impossible Marriage*. Miss Hansford Johnson is as much the poet and chronicler of this area as John Betjeman is of his; the "soft, violet evenings" on Clapham Common; the houses, "mean and flashy"; the grayly facetious quality of its social occasions. No wonder the young men long to escape. Both have literary ambitions, both are in love with the idea of Bohemia, Chelsea, Soho pubs. Undergraduates *manqué*, not untouched by sophistication, they nevertheless pursue with an absurd and touching innocence, "the wild time."

Jo lives at home with his mother (a wonderful, complex study of that usually oversimplified figure, the possessive, invalid parent) and brisk, unmarried sister.

Kit, who has real talent and is already beginning to publish, plans to marry Alison, a young, unexpectedly famous first-novelist. He introduces her to Jo who falls deeply and permanently in love with her. Kit drifts away and finally marries Polly, a well-born, demure miss with a will of iron. (One knows these demure, brass-bound misses!) Jo nurses his unrequited passion, Alison her pain. They cannot help each other.

Around this nucleus gather the rest of "the crowd"; a sparring, lively couple, the unfaithful, handsome Georgina and her journalist husband; Piers, the intellectual military man Alison eventually marries; Fay, a nice, gay, good-natured girl who loves Jo but marries someone else when he won't have her. Against the background of a darkening world, Spain, Czechoslovakia, Munich, the war and then the peace, the group waxes and wanes, disperses and unites, changes partners . . . . Kit's Dylan Thomas-like fame as a writer, drinker and lecturer grows; so does Alison's reputation as a novelist. In a late chapter some of the group meet for an elegiac, strange, sunlit afternoon in Richmond Park. Their children are growing up, they themselves fattening, mellowing, their "wild times" not only gone but seen for what they were: beer not champagne, a remote, suburban imitation of the high style.

THE POET AT SEVENTY

I did
Not think I had been followed
Into this room; but the dull
Glaze of each afternoon has
Filled my curtains; their yellowed
Gauze is a dead skin I can
Not shed. Yet, I can recall
Nothing but words—the slow soft
Sounds I used to shape the hands
And legs and eyes of this earth
Into one sound, one air, and
One blood. It was enough, I
Thought, for the night. This would do;
I was content. Then a door
Opened to another room
And the silence of the cold
Morning light swelled around me
And broke across my crooked
Back. I could not move or see,
And I dreamed a dream of me
As a child, swinging on a
Brown porch swing high into trees
That I could not come down from
Until the blue sky had twirled
Me into it. My body
Was light entering the world
As flesh burning until I
Was only light; and when I
Fell to earth and made a shadow
Behind every tree and rock
I struck, I screamed until I
Woke and moved into any
Dark corner I could find.

Like
An old dog who has scouted
The woods for a place to die,
I have come here, unable
To shake away even the
Sight of a bowl of fruit that
Sits near me on my table,
Darkening under this light.

R. PAWLOWSKI

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Toward the end of the book Kit dies drinking vodka—appropriately enough in Russia (this exquisitely observed Russian chapter is an enormous pleasure to read) —and at the very end Jo is dead too. He has never married, has accomplished nothing, lived moderately content but seemingly to no purpose.

In this long novel, never less than supremely readable, often shot with pure and marvelously fresh perception, it is the character of Jo which, standing at the center, holds (or should hold) the moral heart of the book in his hands. Always courageous, Miss Hansford Johnson in this as in other fields has chosen to illuminate and indeed to bless such unfashionable virtues as endurance, acceptance, the settling, without screaming, for less; the not-so-bad-after-all. Yet it must be admitted that this fine purpose does not quite come off. For all the deaths and disgraces, the minutely observed bliss and anguishes of love, what is lacking (and what, perversely, the reader *wants*) is the sense of tragedy. As Belphoebe says (Belphoebe is the gorgeous name chosen for a most charming and affectionately drawn little portrait of Edith Sitwell): "Be grandiose. It is a great shield, grandiosity."

But if grandiosity is missing it is the only real flaw in this otherwise witty, melancholy, beautiful and generous novel.

THEATRE

JULIUS NOVICK

San Francisco

The American Conservatory Theatre (ACT) is the biggest and the busiest repertory company in America. Its annual budget amounts to a whopping $2.3 million, which must certainly be an all-time record for a noncommercial American legitimate theatre. ACT maintains a company of about fifty actors (this figure fluctuates somewhat), who perform rotating repertory simultaneously in two theatres in downtown San Francisco, and make guest appearances all over California and elsewhere. This year's repertory includes some twenty-five plays; a determined spectator can see seven different productions in a single week.

Moreover, ACT appears to take seriously the claim implied in its title that it is a conservatory as well as a theatre. Under the rubric "Conservatory Training Staff," the program lists thirteen names: a good-sized faculty, especially as a number of the company's directors and actors also do some teaching. The idea is that every member of the company should be constantly in training, constantly perfecting his old skills and mastering new ones in the intervals of running from rehearsal to rehearsal and from performance to performance.

The company's talents are expended on a highly eclectic schedule of plays. Except for Shakespeare and Molière, ACT has never acknowledged the existence of any playwright who flourished before about 1890, but it does manage to offer a little of a great many things: naturalism, documentary theatre, poetry (dramatic and lyric), prose-poetry, satire, absurdism, tragedy, comedy, farce and revue; old chestnuts and new works. If the company should turn out to have a tragical-comical-historical-pastoral or two up its sleeve, I should not be altogether surprised.

One thing that living in America has taught us all is that biggest and busiest and most expensive does not necessarily mean best. But the American Conservatory Theatre is good: unquestionably one of the half-dozen foremost resident professional theatres in the United States. Its founder, general director and animating spirit, a slim, bald, mad young man (in his 30s) named William Ball, has a flair for theatrical effect that is almost as apparent in the productions he directs, and in the way he runs the company, as it is in his own appearance and manner.

The acting company includes a number of good workaday professionals, and a number of highly talented artists. The work of the designers, on the other hand, is not particularly interesting, probably because of the fierce demands of such a copious repertory. But at least nobody can accuse ACT of seeking to divert its spectators with flashy, expensive décor.

On this visit I was able to see only seven of the company's productions (plus one outside production, of the musical *Your Own Thing*, presented under ACT sponsorship), and thus my impressions are based on a rather small random sampling of the company's work. I was able, however, to see two of the four new works that the company has presented this season. One, written by Brian McKinney, ACT's press agent, bears the endearing title, *Deedle, Deedle Dumpling, My Son God*. It is a sort of modern *Candide*: the story of an ingenuous youth and his attempts to make his way in a bewildering world. All the men Johnny meets are played by the same actor (Peter Donat), and all the women by the same actress (Michael Learned); at the end, the entire action is briefly recapitulated and explained as a test imposed upon Johnny by his parents.

But a play cannot be unified retroactively. *Deedle* seems to begin all over again with nearly every scene: it functions as a heap of fragments (some of them, however, quite interesting). Mr. McKinney is a somewhat self-consciously literary writer, careful to leave hints that he is making a series of variations on the old Quest myths; he alludes also, in veiled terms, to Adam, Cain and Abel, Tiresias, and other ancient worthies, which makes for pleasant guessing games. Fortunately, the play is saved from pretentiousness by Mr. McKinney's comic gifts, and by the performance of David Dukes in the leading role. Gangling, boyish and bewildered, Mr. Dukes locates the part somewhere between Anthony Perkins and Dustin Hoffman.

The other new work I saw in San Francisco was *Long Live Life*, Jerome Kilty's adaptation of Chekhov's letters into a mosaic of monologues, staged by Mr. Kilty to look as much like a play as possible. It is pleasantly played, full of plaintive Chekhovian whimsy ("I'm fine, except for one trifle—my health"), and it rises at the end to a very pretty

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melancholy. But it is a bit thin, even a bit tedious, and notably short on direct confrontations. It deals mostly with Chekhov's love affairs, and these seem to have been interesting enough in themselves; but the letters, which are the matter of the play, are too reticent to convey much of what went on. There is something effete about *Long Live Life*; every time Ramon Bieri as Maxim Gorky stomps onto the stage with a burst of rude energy and noise, he shows just what is lacking in the production as a whole.

Fortunately, the ACT productions of *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *Long Day's Journey into Night* are considerably more robust. In *Streetcar*, the important supporting roles are not well played; Stella tends to fade into the woodwork, and Mitch seems uncomfortable with the way he has elected to pronounce his words. As Stanley Kowalski, Ray Reinhardt is not so much a phallic symbol as an ordinary, selfish, somewhat comic slob, more Eli Wallach than Marlon Brando. This characterization works well enough right up to the rape scene at the end; but surely Stanley should not get laughs when he emerges menacingly from the bathroom in those famous red silk pajamas. The production is justified, however, by DeAnn Mears's performance as Blanche DuBois. Except for a few moments when Miss Mears cheapens the character by overdoing her flirtatiousness, Blanche in her celebrated aching fragility is, quite simply, *there*.

I had seen and been thoroughly bored by *Long Day's Journey* on my previous visit to ACT, but the current—and quite good—production is entirely new. Its most notable feature is the performance of David Dukes as Edmund, O'Neill's portrait of himself as a young man. Droopy, withdrawn, driven to taking refuge behind a book, this Edmund is sick to death of the family hatreds and quarrels though he never can resist getting drawn into them all over again. An edge of irony in his voice, as he talks to his hovering mother and father and brother, shows that he understands them all, and himself as well, and suggests that some day he will be able to write their story; he becomes the most intelligent and the most interesting character in the play.

Most of the ACT productions are staged by various staff and guest directors, but I was able to see three that had been directed by Mr. Ball himself. *Under Milkwood*, the senior among them, is a lineal descendant of the production of Dylan Thomas' rhapsodical prose-poem that Ball staged Off-Broadway in the days when he was still a free-lance director. It is a lovely piece of work; Ball's gracefully fluid staging of what was meant as an essentially static "play for voices" is always an embellishment, never a distraction. *Tartuffe*, another old production, is also beautifully staged, but gave me the feeling that Ball is more interested in making pleasing patterns and ingenious routines than in coming to grips with the hard core of the play.

Ball's *Hamlet* is new this year: a very oddly old-fashioned production, full of fine elocution and swirling capes; the actors keep striking attitudes that make them look like Garrick or Mrs. Siddons. Paul Shenar is a handsome, blond, storybook Prince of Denmark, polished and dignified, but scarcely impassioned or spontaneous. The best performance of this elegant but tame evening, to my mind, is Scott Hyland's Laertes. He makes Laertes an appealing, lost little boy, instead of the usual interchangeable juvenile. But surely there must be something wrong with a production in which Laertes is more sympathetic than Hamlet.

In spite of all my admiration for ACT and its work my final feeling is one of slight disappointment. The idea of the company—the copious repertory, the training program—is somehow more exciting than any actual production. In spite of all the good intentions and all the publicity, I felt no real sense of innovation, of discovery, no sense that ACT was about to become an important source whereby the American theatre might regenerate itself. To complain thus is to ask a great deal, but ACT encourages us to ask a great deal. What I am asking for may come in time; the company is, after all, just three years old. But I find something uncentered in its smörgasbord eclecticism, an emphasis on means instead of ends, a lack of urgency. ACT seems interested only in theatre for theatre's sake; but the greatest theatres have always been vitally interested in making statements about the real world, in *what* they could communicate as well as *how*.

While I was writing this article, the American Conservatory Theatre announced that it would "cease to exist" unless it could raise $104,000 within two weeks. Thus by the time you read this ACT may be defunct. That a theatre which has played to so many hundreds of thousands of people, and been the focus of so much attention and admiration, should find its existence in such immediate jeopardy, is an indication—one of many—of how dangerously shaky our noncommercial legitimate theatres are. In spite of what I consider to be its shortcomings, the closing of ACT would be a sad loss as well as a grim portent. J.N.

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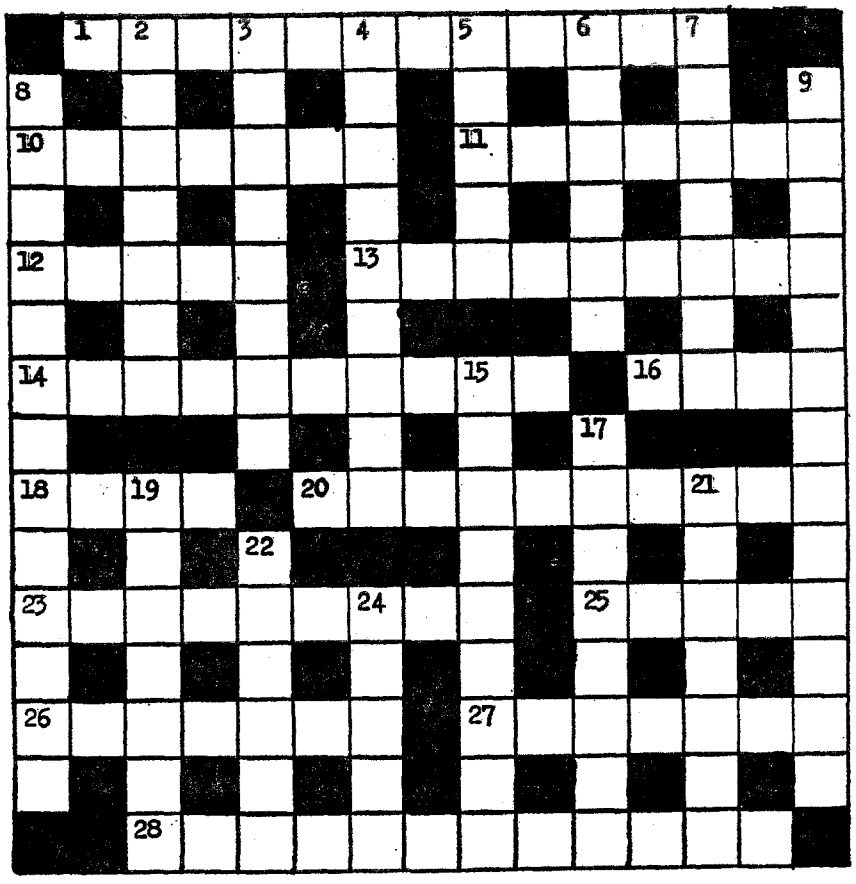
Crossword Puzzle No. 1259

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Music box lines for the fringilline types. (4, 8)
10 South American flower. (7)
11 Defy, as an example of acute misbehavior. (7)
12 and 15 down How one usually holes out? Definitely no! (3, 2, 1, 4, 4)
13 Two vessels the hack might be responsible for. (9)
14 The old farmer proves to be both mate and valet. (9)
16 Real precise! (4)
18 Put some spirit in what may be mainly ornamental. (4)
20 A VIP poet in office, as it might be. (10)
23 The best way of doing it reputedly is to attack the finale after the passage between C and G. (9)
25 A relatively long time to get one of 9. (5)
26 Old-fashioned before a little bit of solitary. (7)
27 It goes forwards and backwards in the sort of cuneiform records found in Asia Minor. (7)
28 Should they involve low-ceilinged rooms with brief romances? (5, 7)

DOWN:

2 A poet is the sort that can put you to sleep, perhaps. (7)
3 Tires because of his work? (Not one of the lean kind!) (8)
4 Descriptive of things having a shore? (7, 2)
5 Stage a sit-down, in case you're chicken! (5)
6 It might involve putting some money down, but work shortly into some change. (6)
7 and 8 An old-fashioned after-dinner speech, antithetical to what the doctor might have said concerning the girl Siamese twins. (5, 2, 4, 3, 6)
9 Well-thought-of opening for the minister. (6, 7)
15 See 12 across.
17 In such as Durante, a terrific specimen with a long nose? (8)
19 Chests of heavy smokers, perhaps, when listened to? (7)
21 Fancy. (7)
22 Shade of bunting. (6)
24 Not an active compound of nitre. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1258

ACROSS: 1 Colic; 4 Batteries; 9 Esmeralda; 10 Raven; 11 Interfere; 12 Ionic; 13 Springboks; 17 King George; 21 Names; 22 Fire drill; 23 Ernie; 24 Ernestine; 25 Peculates; 26 Nones. DOWN: 1 Credit; 2 Limits; 3 Curare; 4 Bullet-proof vest; 5 Traveling cranes; 6 Earnings; 7 Inventor; 8 Sinicism; 14 Skin-deep; 15 Mnemonic; 16 Eggshell; 18 Edison; 19 Simian; 20 Sleeps.

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